

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1862.

## PARSON BROWNLOW—A PATRIOT AMONG THE REBELS.\*

EDITORIAL.

AMONG the few who stood firm when many faltered the name of W. G. Brownlow stands conspicuous. Almost alone he breasted the storm of rebellion that swept over the South. To honor his patriotism rather than express admiration of the man or to indorse his views on the slavery question, we have procured a portrait of him for this number. It is from a duplicate of the photograph obtained by George W. Childs, Esq., for the engraving in Brownlow's book, published by him. It was generously presented to us by Mr. Childs with permission to use it. The likeness is unquestionably good; the engraving all we could desire.

In the subject our readers generally have a deep interest. The stern, unbending patriotism of the man has sunk all his minor faults and given him a place in the hearts of American freemen.

Parson Brownlow was born in Wythe county, Virginia, August 29, 1805. By the death of both his parents he was left an orphan in early childhood. He was brought up by his mother's relatives. Always inured to hard labor, at the age of eighteen he was apprenticed to a house carpenter in Abingdon, and regularly learned the trade. He says of himself: "I have been a laboring man all my life long, and have acted upon the Scriptural maxim of eating my bread in the sweat of my brow. Though a

Southern man in feeling and principle, I do not think it *degrading* to a man to labor, as do most of the Southern disunionists. Whether East or West, North or South, I recognize the *dignity of labor*, and look forward to a day not very distant when *educated labor* will be the salvation of this vast country!"

His early education was imperfect and irregular; but he acquired, by dint of personal effort, a knowledge of most of the branches of common school education. His first earnings after he had acquired a trade were expended in obtaining additional schooling. Such is the discipline by which *men and patriots* are made.

He entered the traveling Methodist ministry in 1826, and was a delegate to the General Conference in 1832. After traveling ten years he located, and became the editor and proprietor of the Knoxville Whig, in connection with which paper he has obtained his national celebrity. The years spent in the ministry were years of study and improvement as well as of labor. Though he ceased from the pastoral work, he has ever since sustained the relation of an ordained local preacher in the Church, and has performed much ministerial service.

Mr. Brownlow is never neutral on any subject, is not over-fastidious in the use of language, and loves to pile up epithets denunciatory and objuratory upon his opponents, "all and singular." A recent writer, who has drawn a portrait of him equally graphic and true, says that he exhibits a singular union of high moral and intellectual qualities with an almost unaccountable deficiency of that sense of the fitness of things which we call good taste. Thus in his personal habits he is singularly pure; he never tastes liquor, never has used tobacco, never has seen a play at a theater, and never has dealt a pack of cards—a remarkable record for a Southerner. But when he opens his lips his language, although without positive profan-

\*Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession, with a Narrative of Personal Adventures among the Rebels. By W. G. Brownlow. 12mo. 458 pp. \$1.25. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.  
Vol. XXII.—25

ity—except when quoting other men's—is often so grating to polite ears that it saves sensitive listeners from blushes only because it irresistibly provokes to laughter. He confesses that his chief natural gift is in piling epithets upon the heads of scoundrels. He knows no pleasure equal to discovering some new rascal or some new rascality of an old offender and printing the name and facts in capital letters in the next Knoxville Whig. But he is a man whom a thorough Northern training, moral and intellectual, would have built up into a dignified, impressive, and splendid character. He is one of many men in the South, made of Nature's best stuff, whom the influence of slavery, unconsciously to themselves, has defrauded of their just rank in the scale of true nobility and honorable fame.

During the pending canvass for secession in Tennessee, a report was circulated that Brownlow was soon coming out in favor of the movement. A rabid secessionist in Arkansas wrote to know how long before this denouement might be expected. The following is the pith of Brownlow's reply, and is a fair sample of his more intense writing: "I have your letter of August 30, 1860, and hasten to let you know the *precise time* when I expect to come out and formally announce that I have joined the Democratic party. When the sun shines at midnight and the moon at midday; when man forgets to be selfish, or Democrats lose their inclination to steal; when Nature stops her onward march to rest, or all the water-courses in America flow up stream; when flowers lose their odor, and trees shed no leaves; when birds talk, and beasts of burden laugh; when damned spirits swap hell for heaven with the angels of light, and pay them the boot in mean whisky; when impossibilities are in fashion, and no proposition is too absurd to be believed, you may credit the report that I have joined the Democrats."

While the South were still expecting a "peaceable secession," Brownlow held forth to them the following language: "The man who calculates upon a *peaceable* dissolution of the Union is either a madman or a fool. I am among those who believe the Union is not going to be dissolved, because the disunionists have no right to do that thing; they have no power if the right existed, and there is no *cause* for a dissolution." Of Virginia he says: "She is like a *hill of potatoes*—the best part under ground, the part above ground reminds me but of *vines*. When citizens of other States are called upon to name their great statesmen they point to *living men*. Make the call upon Virginians and

they ask you out into a *graveyard*, when they will point you to the tomb of Washington, the monument erected over Madison, or the grave of Jefferson!"

The pulpit and the churches of the South were desecrated to the vile purposes of treason and rebellion. We were prepared, says Mr. Brownlow, to see our Southern preachers so early as 1861 following the bad example of these *false teachers* by preaching *Secession*, profaning the Sabbath, and taking commissions in the army to aid in carrying on the most wicked and unholy war—seeking the overthrow of the best government the world has ever known. Every branch of the Christian Church is cursed with their labors. The result is that the Churches were speedily demoralized throughout the country, congregations were disbanded, confidence in the ministry destroyed, and whole communities given up to intemperance, gambling, and violence.

The secession epidemic is thus described by Mr. Brownlow: "It has assumed an *epidemic* form in most of the Southern States, and men become secessionists with marvelous rapidity. It is nothing to know that a particular man was a Union man last night; how is he this morning? This is the question, and where *inducements* are held out to fall in with the heresy, it is well to inquire of men morning, evening, and at noon where they stand upon this great office and money question. Men change in a night. Men rise up and dress as Union men and turn secessionists before breakfast is over. The worst symptom is the morbid excitement of the organ of credulity. The cry of a loss of one's *rights* originates the disease, and it never abates till the patient 'goes clear out.' If a man is pressed for money and some one in favor of 'immediate separation' has some to lend *on time*, the man wanting to borrow sees that our only safety is in 'a united South.' If a man is a Union mechanic and out of work, the furnishing him with a small job at once discloses the startling fact that Lincoln commenced this war, that it is a war of conquest, and that the sacred soil of the South is to be invaded and the negroes all set at liberty. The malady is short, the disease runs its course in twenty-four hours, and the patient heads a committee to order better men than himself to leave the State in a given time. He believes every lie he hears, and swears to the truth of every lie he tells. He drinks mean whisky, and associates with men whom the day before he would have scorned."

Mr. Brownlow was soon involved in this desolating tornado. The following graphic descrip-

tion of his trials is furnished to our hand: "He was insulted to his face, dogged in his walks, and threatened with pistol-shots. He was commanded by traitors to transfer the allegiance of his paper to Jefferson Davis, but indignantly refused. He was then tempted with a bribe, which he still more indignantly spurned. Then his pen was smitten out of his hands. The traitors invaded his office, stopped his press, and turned his press-room into a machine-shop for boring rifles to aim at loyal hearts. Still continuing to show his personal allegiance to the Union, he was hunted out of Knoxville and driven to take refuge in the wastes of the Smoky Mountains, where he shot bears and wild turkeys, and slept on a blanket on the bare ground. Meanwhile, without his knowledge, his wife procured from Richmond a pass to permit him to retire from the State. This fact being communicated to him in his mountain retreat, brought him back to Knoxville, where, as soon as he showed his face, he was seized, in violation of the pledge, thrown into jail, and kept in a loathsome confinement for three months.

"During his stay in the prison, almost every day a cart with a coffin drove to the door, and some victim was taken out to be hung. The prisoners, none of whom were charged with any other offense than loyalty to the Union, seldom had a day's and sometimes not an hour's notice when the cart would call, or for whom. Mr. Brownlow, after fully expecting to be hung, and after preparing a speech to be delivered on the gallows, was finally ordered out of confinement and out of the Confederacy. At one time he was told that the drum-head court-martial lacked only one vote of consigning him to the gallows. Frequently men were taken out of the jail and hung, and the secesh rabble would howl at him, and tell him as he looked out from the jail windows that he was to be hung next."

Among his fellow-prisoners was the noble, martyred C. A. Hawn. He was one of the most moral and upright men in Knoxville—a man of estimable virtues, a Church member, known and respected by all good citizens. He had a wife and two small children. "He was convicted of bridge-burning, and sentenced to be hung by this court-martial, and he had but one hour's notice to prepare himself. He asked for a minister of one of the Churches in Knoxville to be sent for, but the jailer insultingly refused his request, saying that 'no traitor to the South has the right to be prayed for, and God does not hear such prayers.' Poor Hawn was placed on the scaffold, and a miserable

drunken chaplain of one of the Southern regiments was sent to attend him. Just as they were about to launch Hawn into eternity, the chaplain said, 'This poor, unfortunate man desires to say that he was led to committing the acts for which he is now to atone with his life by the Union men, and he is really an object of pity.' Hawn rose, and in a stentorian voice replied, 'I desire to say that every word that man has said is false. I am the identical man that put the torch to the timbers of that bridge, and I am ready to swing for it. Hang me as soon as you can.' He was immediately hung in the most brutal manner."

One day General Carroll, who had been a Union man up to a late period, but was now a Brigadier-General in the rebel service and in charge of Knoxville, came to Brownlow in jail. He had at one time been a great friend of his. He now said to him, "Brownlow, you ought not to be here." "So I think," the Parson responded, "but here I am." The General said the Confederate Court was sitting within a hundred yards of the jail, and if he would take the oath of allegiance he should be immediately liberated. "Sir," said the Parson, looking him steadily in the eye, "before I will take the oath of allegiance to your bogus Government I will rot in jail or die here of old age. I do n't acknowledge you have a Court. I do n't acknowledge you have a Government. It has never been acknowledged by any power on earth, and never will be. Before I would take the oath I would see the whole Southern Confederacy in the infernal regions and you on top of it." The General left in great indignation.

In the jail were about one hundred and fifty men. The building was crowded to overflowing. Only two-thirds of the company could lie down, and there was neither bench, chair, block, nor other thing to sit or lie upon. A wooden bucket and a couple of tin cups out of which they drank were all the furniture they had. The food was of the meanest character—"such," to speak with the Parson, "as no gentleman would think good enough to throw to his dog." To be short, the treatment of the prisoners was as harsh and inhuman as ever disgraced the Austrian dungeons. As a consequence, many took cold and were sick. Quite a number died and were buried. Among the inmates were three Baptist preachers. One of them, Mr. Pope, seventy-seven years of age, was charged with having prayed to the Lord to bless the President of the United States, to bless the General Government, and put an end to this unholy war. Another old man, a minister, seventy years of age, was thrust into jail for

having thrown up his hat and hurrahed for the Stars and Stripes when a company of Union Home Guards marched by his house with the Stars and Stripes flying over them. The third, a young man, was confined for having volunteered as chaplain of a Union regiment.

The following will serve as samples of the incidents of prison life, and also of Mr. Brownlow's style of Journalism:

"*Tuesday, December 17th.*—Brought in a Union man from Campbell county to-day, leaving behind six small children, and their mother dead. This man's offense is holding out for the Union!

"Two more carts drove up with coffins in them and a heavy military guard around them. This produced in our circle of prisoners great consternation, for we did not know certainly who were to hang. They, however, came into the jail and marched out Jacob Harmon and his son Henry and hung them up on the same gallows. The old man was a man of property, quite old and infirm, and they compelled him to sit on the scaffold and see his son, a young man, hang first; then he was ordered up and hung by his side. They were charged with bridge-burning, but protested to the last that they were not guilty. I know not how this was, but the laws of Tennessee only send a man to the penitentiary for such offenses.

"*Friday, December 20th.*—General Carroll, hearing of my indisposition, came in to-day and offered to remove me to their dirty hospital. I declined the offer—did not want passports to where I would likely be poisoned in twenty-four hours. I told him I was ready to receive passports to go beyond the limits of the Confederacy. If these could not be had I desired to remain where I was. This is a terrible night. The sentinals are all drunk, howling like wolves, rushing to our windows with the ferocity of the Sepoys of India, and daring prisoners to show their heads, cocking their guns and firing off three of them into the jail, and pretending it was accidental. Merciful God! how long are we to be treated after this fashion?

"*Friday, December 27th.*—Harrison Self, an industrious, honest, and heretofore peaceable man, a citizen of Green county, was notified this morning that he was to be hanged at four o'clock, P. M. His daughter, a noble girl, modest, and neatly attired, came in this morning to see him. Heart-broken and bowed down under a fearful weight of sorrow, she entered his iron cage, and they embraced each other most affectionately. My God, what a sight! What an affecting scene! May these eyes of mine, bathed in tears, never look upon the like again!

"But her short limit to remain with her father expired, and she came out weeping bitterly, and shedding burning tears. Requesting me to write a dispatch for her and sign her name to it, I took out my pencil and a slip of paper and wrote the following:

'*Hon. Jefferson Davis.*—My father, Harrison Self, is sentenced to hang at four o'clock this evening on a charge of bridge-burning. As he remains my earthly all, and all my hopes of happiness center in him, I implore you to pardon him. ELIZABETH SELF.'

"With this dispatch the poor girl hurried off to the office, some two or three hundred yards from the jail, and about two o'clock in the afternoon the answer came to General Carroll telling him not to allow Self to be hung. Self was turned out of the cage into the jail with the rest of us, and looks as if he had gone through a long spell of sickness. But what a thrill of joy ran through the heart of that noble girl! Self is to be confined, I understand, during the war. This is hard upon an innocent man, but it is preferable to hanging."

On the 3d of March Mr. Brownlow was released from prison. He says: "We started in charge of Adjutant Young and a relative of my wife. I selected twelve others privately. Sixty-five miles below Knoxville we met a train returning to Manassas filled with furloughed soldiers, all drunk. When they heard I was there they got a rope. Times looked squally. They were drunk enough, and none too good to do it. My guards said if they dared to enter the cars they would blow their brains out, and they backed them off and the train departed. At Shelbyville, fifty-five miles from Nashville, we left the railroad terminus and got into buggies and came to Nashville." He reached Nashville March 18th. "Then," he says, "I felt, I knew I was free."

The later events relating to him—the ovations he has received in nearly all the great cities of the North, and the substantial evidence of sympathy, need not be repeated now.

Mr. Brownlow in person is slender, not very tall, long armed and fingered, of sallow complexion, with high cheek-bones, his ears projecting. Some one remarked that he looks like Mr. Lincoln, but we doubt whether he is quite as handsome. His style of speaking is deliberate but rough. It is thoroughly *ad captandum*. He is somewhat inclined to swagger, and evidently has not a little of "the brag" in his composition. But he is honest, straightforward, fearless, and is unflinchingly devoted to the Union. Not more so now when victory is perching upon her banners than he was in the dark days of the Republic.

## NOT TOO LATE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"T'S come too late, O, uncle Dennis, by the buried faces that lie still under this springing grass, by the broken heart that beats above it—it's come *too late!*"

They were very sad words, and yet it seems to me that the voice that spoke them was sadder still, and the face which looked out of the chamber window of the solid old stone mansion was saddest of all. It was a face that might still be called young, for it did not look its years—and they were only twenty-nine—a sweet, delicate, most womanly face, with soft, shining brown hair, and eyes a little darker than the hair. There was no coloring, no glow or warmth in the face; it was a still, white, mournful one, and looking at it you felt that the heart beneath had surged and struggled under great freshets of sorrow, and if the tides had not ebbed from their high-water mark they lay still now, very deep and broad, perhaps, but the storms did not lash them, the torrents had ceased to flow.

And yet, as she stood at the window that morning, many would have thought Gertrude Wooster a woman to be envied. Throughout the town of Malden people were talking of the strange good fortune that had fallen to her, and the new heiress of the old Wooster domains was presumed to be almost intoxicated with sudden delight at finding herself the sole possessor of all which had so lately been the strength and pride of its stern and pompous owner, Dennis Wooster.

But people were mistaken here, as they are so *very* likely to be when pronouncing judgments on the head and life of others.

The eyes of Gertrude Wooster, the large, sweet, sad eyes, wandered over the fair and goodly acres of which her uncle's death made her the sole possessor, and they did not kindle with pride or joy. I think the shadow deepened in them as they went from the orchards on the rising lands to the low south meadows—from the green pastures sloping off to the west to the broad wheat fields with the low stone walls, making in the distance only gray seams through the green.

It was a beautiful morning in the early May. The sky above and the earth beneath was full of the joy and exultation of the Spring, and the day was like a golden goblet filled with the glowing wine of the new year.

The birds were in their full tide of morning song, the buds were swelling on the boughs, and the heart of the day echoed the words of the

poet of Israel—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

The memory of Gertrude Wooster wandered over the years of her life as she stood by the window. And the faces of her mother and of her brother and sisters came and stood by her. Those young years of hope, and love, and brave struggling with poverty looked fairer than the present to the heiress of nearly a quarter of a million.

Her father had failed in his business, and died of a fever brought on by harassing anxieties, leaving his widow with four children and only a small annuity for their support. Mrs. Wooster summoned all her energies to meet the new responsibilities devolving on her. She established an infant school, and kept her family together in humble but comfortable fashion. Algernon, her only son, the pride and hope of his mother and sisters, whose youth was so full of all the promise of a brave and noble manhood, had graduated at college with high honors. And then a slight cough set on, brought on, the doctor said, by too constant application to his studies. They recommended change of air and a year of perfect quiet, but it cost money to procure *that*. One of those acres lying before her freckled with sunshine would have saved that young, brave life, thought Gertrude Wooster with a smile bitter and stern enough. But they were not *hers* then, and so Algernon sank with fitful revivals like the fading and rising hectic in his cheek, and at last he lay by the side of his father.

Her mother's heart broke then; her smile always showed it afterward. Gertrude was old enough then to take her mother's place in the school, and she did, and it expanded from an infant school into a young ladies' seminary.

But there was competition on all sides, and her duties were very arduous, and it was as much for her sake as their own that both of her sisters left their mother and went to the South as teachers, with the prospect of pleasant situations and large salaries, and the expectation of returning in two years.

They were fair, fragile girls; the climate did not suit them, and in less than two years the elder wrote of the younger to Gertrude: "If you would see her on earth you must come to us *quick*." And Gertrude had to wait a week before she could raise the money necessary to defray the expenses of her journey, and when she reached its end she was *too late*.

And Gertrude brought back her other sister broken in health and in heart, and when the doctor said that a year of rest and a journey to the springs was all that could save her, Ger-

trude Wooster bowed her pride and wrote to the uncle she had never seen, but who was her father's elder brother, a rich and childless widower, and told him the touching story of her need and helplessness, and besought his aid, not for herself, but for her almost dying sister and widowed mother—besought it by all the tender memories of his boyhood in the name of that only brother with whose youth his own was bound up so closely not to turn a deaf ear to the appeal of his child.

Dennis Wooster was a hard, stern, inflexible man. His heart had grown harder with gathering years and wealth, so hard that it did not melt with the appeal of his niece. He had quarreled with her father years before, and the brothers had separated in angry bitterness, which later years had not healed.

There was no doubt that Dennis Wooster was more to blame than his younger brother, for the disagreement was on some point connected with the settlement of the estate after the death of their parents, and Gertrude's father was as generous and impulsive as his brother was cautious and miserly.

So the old bitterness seethed in the heart of the hard, lonely old man as he read the letter of Gertrude Wooster, and he sent her a check for fifty dollars, with a request that she would not make his relationship to her father the basis of any more appeals to his charity, as it was one which, by the consent of both parties, had virtually ceased to exist years ago, and the writer therefore could not regard himself under obligations to relieve the misfortunes which Edwin Wooster's own imprudence and rashness had brought upon his widow and children.

It was a cruel letter, but the words that wounded hardest and stung keenest the heart of the sensitive girl was the reproach aimed at the father whose name she loved and honored. The first impulse was to return the check to the heartless giver, but then the pale, drooping face of her sister looked into the room where she sat, and Gertrude felt she owed to the living what she could not spare to the dead. So she wrote for answer: "God, the God of the widow and the fatherless, be judge between thee and me, O, Dennis Wooster." And the words sank deep into the heart of the proud, stern old man, and by night and by day they haunted him, and he could not put them away.

Fifty dollars could not do much, and the sister of Gertrude Wooster perished before the full blossoming of her youth. And after that the mother died also, and with her twenty-fifth birthday Gertrude Wooster was alone.

She obtained a situation as teacher in a city

boarding-school, and perhaps it was well at that time that exertion was necessary for her, and that her thoughts could not wander always amid the groves of her youth.

And she had not been motherless a full year when a new interest in life began to twine its soft fibers about her soul. Gertrude Wooster had one scholar, a sweet, delicate creature, whose budding girlhood reminded her of her younger sisters, and a singularly warm attachment sprang up between the young teacher and her scholar.

After a time Gertrude met the brother of her pupil, who had just returned from a visit to Europe. He was near his thirtieth birthday, a man of sterling principles, of fine talents, of warm and generous heart, and all these bore most attractive witness in his face and manner. Perhaps the young lawyer's interest in his sister's teacher was first awakened by that sister's lavished praises, but his first interview with her corroborated all the girl's statements. There was something in the sweet, sad face, in the gentle, womanly bearing that strangely touched and attracted the young lawyer, who was familiar with the most gracious and accomplished women of his own or other countries.

The first visit was frequently repeated, till the heart of Theodore Sterling came to do reverence to all that he felt was true, and pure, and lovely in the character of Gertrude Wooster. She realized to his heart and mind that ideal of true, earnest, intelligent womanhood which he had never met with among those who had touched his fancy or excited his admiration.

He learned through his sister the sorrows of Gertrude Wooster's youth—those sorrows which had touched her face and thrilled her voice with their subtle mournfulness, and he came in a little while to feel that life could hold no joy for him so great as to shelter her youth from all further sorrow in his own deep heart of tenderness, to take her out from all the chill and darkness of her life into the warmth, and light, and joy of his love. And Gertrude, she thought her head was buried beneath the green pillow where her family slept well; but the wine of youth was in her life yet, and she woke up slowly from her sorrows into a new interest and pleasure in living.

She thought for a long time that she was only the friend of Theodore Sterling, but there was a new light in her face, a new animation in her manner which told that the Spring with its singing birds and sound of breaking waters had entered her heart.

The family of Theodore Sterling was one that

prided itself on its wealth and fancied aristocracy. The heart of his mother and eldest sister was set upon his wedding the niece of an old friend of Theodore's father, a wealthy banker, and the proud and worldly-wise women were quite appalled at the idea of his marrying the teacher of his sister—a woman without family, wealth, or position, as they termed it. A few remarks on the subject to Theodore convinced his family that he considered himself the best judge of the woman most fitted to satisfy his heart and mind, and that he would in no wise brook any opposition where his dearest rights and interests were involved. Mrs. Sterling and her oldest daughter were resolved to prevent an engagement between Theodore and the young teacher if they could possibly compass their purpose.

Perhaps there is nothing like pride of wealth and family that will harden a woman's heart and eat like a slow rust into all that is tender and pitiful in her nature. The ladies silenced their consciences, or tried to, by thinking that the "end justified the means," and the younger sought a private interview with Gertrude, and frankly informed her that her brother had evinced an interest in her which made his family fear for the happiness of the lady to whom he had been tacitly engaged for several years, and whose young life would be blighted if the faintest suspicion of the gentleman's truth or honor entered her heart. It was a plausible story told with an air of truth, and Gertrude, in the simple honesty of her nature, never for a moment doubted it. She promised never to reveal the story she had learned, and, all her highest instincts shocked at the idea of gaining affections to which another had a better claim and title, she solemnly resolved that she would at once terminate the acquaintance between herself and Theodore Sterling.

And she did, for the next time they both met he asked her that question which only the day before would have crowned her life with all earthly joy and blessing to hear, and then and there Theodore Sterling received a refusal—unqualified, absolute. He was astonished, wounded, half-indignant. He could not suspect that his mother or sister was at the bottom of this change in Gertrude's manner. But it effected all that they desired, and the niece of the banker was now, through their management, frequently thrown in his way.

She was a pretty, impulsive, and warm-hearted girl, without any great depth of mind, it is true, but Theodore Sterling's heart was wounded, and he wanted rest and tenderness, and so in less than six months the heiress was his wife.

The life of Gertrude Wooster had gone out into the chill and darkness again. She had resigned her situation and obtained another a hundred miles away, where the old associations would not harrow her quite so keenly, and for two years more she bore her heart-ache bravely and silently and labored diligently, and then the strange tidings came—her uncle Dennis had died suddenly of a paralysis, and she was the heiress of all his wealth.

And this is the sad story of the life of Gertrude Wooster. No wonder that she stands at the window with the great slow tears rolling down her fair cheeks, and that her heart rises against the dead as she murmurs, "Too late—too late!" And then she wondered what she should do with all this wealth which had fallen to her, and which seemed to mock her with haunting thoughts of what "might have been." And then the pale, sweet face rose suddenly into consecration and exaltation.

"It is God's gift," murmured Gertrude Wooster, "and I will take it with reverence and gratitude from him, and will do good with it in my day and generation."

And when she turned away from the window there were no tears, only a solemn light and rejoicing on her face, for she remembered that her beloved were with God and needed no more the wealth that is of this world.

And for the next year Gertrude Wooster did do good—not with high-sounding charities or gracious gifts that set her name where many should see and do it honor, but her donations dropped like the dew in thirsty places where she was scarcely known. The struggling, the delicate, the sensitive received silent gifts and never pressed the hand that bestowed them, for the springs of her benevolence poured through still-flowing channels, and Gertrude Wooster learned how good and meet a thing it is to bless others silently.

And then the blessing came to her. She sat by the table one Autumn night with her face bowed over her book, on which the shaded light fell with its soft, tender radiance. It was a wild, weird Autumn night. The sky was hung in dark gray clouds, through whose thick folds looked the sweet face of neither moon nor stars; and the wind moaned and fretted and then rose into fierce cries as it seemed for the lost beauty of the Summer. The night was not without a certain charm and power for those who had hearts to understand it, and the lady sitting alone by the table laid down her book often and hearkened to the wind. In one of the lulls she heard her front door bell ring suddenly, and a few minutes later her housekeeper

ushered a gentleman into the presence of Gertrude Wooster.

She had not seen him for four years, but she needed no second glance, and the faint color in her cheeks was all vanished as she rose up and faltered, "Theodore Sterling!"

He came forward with the frank and gracious manner she so well remembered, and he took both her hands in his and looked in her face with a look which touched on many things.

"Gertrude," he said, "I have come far to see you to-night. Have you a welcome for me?"

She could not understand his manner. Amazed and bewildered, the hostess of Theodore Sterling knew not what to say, and at last she stammered out, "Is your wife with you, Mr. Sterling?"

He looked surprised in his turn.

"Did you not know she has been gone from me a year and a half?" he answered.

She asked him to sit down, her face full of wonder still at this strange, sudden visit. And at last, taking a chair by her side, he briefly told her that within the last month his oldest sister had been very ill, stricken with a fever which had brought her feet to the very banks of the river of death. And then she had sent for him and told him that she could not die in peace because of a great wrong she had done to him and to the woman he had loved, and by his sister's bedside Theodore Sterling had learned the reason why Gertrude Wooster had so strangely refused to become his wife.

His sister had not died, as they all feared; she had risen from that sick-bed a wiser and better woman, Theodore Sterling said after he had related to his astonished and horrified listener the deception of which they both had been the victims.

"And your mother, Theodore?"

"I told her that same night all that Julia had owned to me. O, Gertrude, she is a proud woman, and it cost her something to own her sin before her son, and to ask with tears of repentance and shame his forgiveness, but she did it."

Here came a long, long silence. With her soft hands lying in her lap, and the great tears, which were not tears of sorrow, pouring slowly down her cheeks, Gertrude Wooster sat very still. And Theodore Sterling sat, too, and looked at her with reverence, and pity, and tenderness struggling for mastery in his face.

At last he drew toward her and took one of the wet hands.

"Gertrude," he said in sweet and solemn tones, "we are neither of us dreaming boy and girl now, but earnest man and woman, living

not for this life alone, but for the larger, better life beyond it. Gertrude, I asked you to be my wife four years ago because I wanted a womanhood tender, and sweet, and holy as yours to make me what I need to be—a man stronger and better; and now if for the same reason I should ask you the question again, would you answer me as you did then and break my heart twice?"

The light of her smile was not lessened because it flashed up through her tears.

"I should not answer you as I did then, Theodore," she said softly.

A little while after she looked up in his face and her lips had the unbent line of a little child's.

"I was mistaken—it is not 'too late,' as I said it was, Theodore."

"What is not too late, my darling?"

"The light and the love of this world for me—for me," said Gertrude Wooster, partly to herself, partly to the man by her side, but mostly to her Father in heaven.

#### THE MARCH OF LIFE.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

I AM resting for a moment

"In the broad bivouac of life,"

For my heart is getting weary

With the clamor and the strife;

Looking backward through the tangled

Mazes that my feet have come,

Looking forward for the glimmer

Of the golden lights at home;

Through a green and pleasant valley,

Up a steep and rugged hill;

Through a hot and arid desert,

By a sweet and silver rill;

Scrambling over thorny hedges

Stretching over flowery plains,

With a touch of blinding sunlight

And a dash of cooling rains;

Through the sloughs of deep despondence,

Through the swelling tide of grief,

With a little whispered comfort

And a little kind relief;

In a calm and in a tempest,

Now a joy and now a care,

And a little tearful tugging

At the golden oar of prayer;

With a getting, and a giving,

And a taste of transient bliss,

And the soul's incessant yearning

For a something more than this;

So we pilgrims thread the journey

With a weak and wise intent,

While God's angels keep the record

Of each day's accomplishment.

## A DEFINITE PURPOSE NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

SUCCESS is never an accident. In whatever department of effort it is achieved, it is always the result of a definite purpose. The thousand failures which are made all around us show very forcibly that more than splendid dreaming is necessary to success in any cause. Men come not to the results of wealth, learning, or fame in the world by the mere caprice of fortune. The man who desires wealth, if he would have desire culminate in success, must intelligently plan and earnestly work for it. He who aspires after the palm of learning is but the merest visionary, unless he is animated by a longing for its acquisition that will brook no defeat in the execution of his deliberate purpose. And only he may hope to have his name entered upon the roll of distinction, who feels the consciousness that the end is to be reached through the means necessary thereto, and who is, therefore, intelligently and determinately resolved on success. Energy, directed by a plan to a given object, must succeed. The proverb, "By persevering we conquer all things," has its striking illustrations in every department of life. We have only to look around and see how many have acquired wealth, learning, position, and fame, in fact, every thing by it, to teach us that

"Perseverance is a Roman virtue,  
That wins each Godlike act, and plucks success  
Even from the spear—proof crest of rugged danger."

A definite, earnest purpose, embodied properly in action, can do any thing in the practicable world—can almost work miracles. "Where there is a will, there is a way." A great purpose is always the antecedent of a great action. Napoleon had never scaled Alpine heights with his veteran soldiery, had not a great purpose sustained the Herculean enterprise. Demosthenes had never made his fame immortal and world-wide, had not an all-conquering purpose made him equal to a triumph over almost insuperable natural defects in speaking. Franklin had never risen to proud eminence as a philosopher and statesman, had not a great purpose marked out for him, and then nerved him with the energy to fill his true niche on the record of human greatness. And thus we might continue to cite names to show that an earnest purpose is a necessary condition of success. Living examples of this truth are all around us. The men of our day who have won the prize of their ambition in the varied spheres of life, have

done so by embodying a well-defined purpose in earnest, living action. If there are any exceptions to this rule, they are very few and unimportant.

Intelligently-directed energy pays every-where by an absolute law in the very constitution of things. It can not possibly fail of success, since the means are only necessary to the end, as the cause is to the effect. And the reason why so many fail in the several objects of their pursuit is easily accounted for—they *have no definite plan of action before them*. What they do sustains no specific relation to the result sought for. Their energy—and many who fail in their several pursuits have energy—tends to the wrong point; it is zeal in a good cause, but not according to knowledge. They work hard for nothing, because there is no actual result possible to their mode of action. In logic the conclusion must lie in the premises, otherwise the argument is worth nothing. So the result of a man's work in any cause must lie in his plan of action, otherwise he works for nothing. So work thousands of our race—literally for nothing; and all for the want of a well-defined purpose in what they do. The means are not adjusted to the end; therefore failure is inevitably the result.

We conclude, then, that a definite purpose is necessary to success on any field of effort. Without it a man can neither be great nor good; with it he can be almost any thing in mental power and moral might. One of your best contributors, Doctor, has well said, "The will is not a sentiment, but a soldier. It pants for foes to battle with and has them. And when the issue is at hand, it knows not how to parley or to make a truce, but bravely faces the enemy, aims, fires, thunders, and then waves the bright palm of victory, shouts over and celebrates it. Understand me, I speak of the true soul. That is no soul which lacks this will. It drivels and dreams too much. It never feels the birth of an original thought. It is cowardly, sneaking, sniveling—nay,

"The most unprofitable sign of nothing."

But the true man recognizes and gives practical enforcement to a better and higher philosophy. In relation to his calling in life, the improvement of his mind, or the cultivation of his heart, to him a definite purpose, energetically followed out into action, is a matter of preëminent importance. Such a man does more than merely breathe, move, and live. He acts, and leaves behind him the record of a vigorous and enviable manhood. Ere he quits the stage of action, he puts the seal of his own intellectual

and moral individuality upon the world's history, that posterity may know that he once lived and acted among men.

Live, then, reader, for actual, positive results. Have a deliberate purpose before you in all you do. We live but once on earth; how important, then, that we live for objects which are harmonious with our welfare and immortality! As your highest interests lie in religion, let your purposes and activities work out a true result for yourself and the world. "Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of those you come in contact with year by year and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Great deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven."

To the young man before whom life is just opening up, and who has his fortune to make both in this world and the world to come, we would especially utter a word of counsel, and that word is, have a definite purpose before you. Noble is that spirit and grand is that philosophy that dares to say,

"I would not waste my Spring of youth  
In idle dalliance. I would plant rich seeds  
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit  
When I am old."

#### THE BIBLE OF THE BASTILE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FELIX BUNGENER.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

THE Bastile was begun under Charles V by two isolated towers, between which one passed on entering Paris. Two others, equally isolated, rose shortly after within the town, and the road separated them as it did the first two. Finally under Charles VI four others were built; a thick wall united the eight; the road passed outside, and henceforth, instead of a *Bastile*, a name common to many strong castles, Paris had the *Bastile*, the strong castle *par excellence*, the prison of prisons.

But we are in 1778. The Bastile has yet eleven years of life, not more, and it might live eleven hundred, so thick are its walls, so massive its towers. It has become the symbol of solidity and immobility. The people say proverbially, "Solid as the Bastile." Let us enter. We can, for it is false that no one penetrates its recesses. We can not see the prisoners, but

for several years one can visit the prison, and many people have visited it.

Divers fortifications surround the castle proper. Beyond this first gate, there at the end of the *rue Saint Antoine*, there is a sort of arsenal. Forty thousand muskets, it is said, were there lately, and twenty thousand have just been sent to America. But this gate is only closed at night, and then two sentinels are placed there. By day we penetrate freely into a first court, the ante-chamber of the Bastile. We there see barracks and the stables of the governor.

Let us advance. Here is a moat, a draw-bridge, a second court, still an ante-chamber, for we are yet outside of the massive pile. In this second court is the hotel of the governor, a handsome mansion were it not for its somber environs. For the rest, if the governor is well lodged he is still better paid. His revenue is about a hundred thousand livres, and he has nothing to do—only when the Bastile is taken he will be hung.

But we are before the towers. A large moat separates us from them. Here is a bridge of stone, then a draw-bridge, then a body guard. A gate opens, lets us pass, and then closes. Another grating. It opens, and we are at last in a grand interior court, a hundred and two feet long, seventy-two wide. This would be handsome elsewhere, but three towers to the right, three to the left, all more than seventy-two feet in height, singularly compass the space, and the great court looks like a well. These towers have each their name. Here are those of the Chapel and the Treasure, the two eldest, captives themselves, one would say, in the network of their juniors. This is the tower of the Comté, a name given no one knows why; that of the Baziniere, where the prisoner of this name was incarcerated in 1663; that of the Bertaudiere, where died the Iron Mask, and finally that of Liberty, a colossal epigram, of which one does not know the origin. Look at the clock which gives point to this epigram. The dial-plate is ornamented with two figures chained by the middle of the body, by the neck, by the hands and feet; the chains form garlands, and unite above in an enormous knot. It was a subject of regret, doubtless, not to be able to chain time itself, that the captives might not have the consolation of feeling it take its flight. But the years ended at the Bastile as elsewhere. Victims and executioners will meet where time is no longer, and where justice is for all. At the end of the grand court is a building quite new, elegant, coquettish, surprised to find itself there. An inscription in letters of gold tells us that it

was built in 1761, under the reign of Louis XV, the Well Beloved, and under the ministry of M. de Saint Florentine. It is the residence of the chief officers of the place, for the Bastile, which will be so badly defended, is reputed a fortress, and organized accordingly. There are also several rooms reserved for the prisoners whom they do not wish to put in the towers.

We arrive at last, after crossing this building, at the second interior court, somber, damp, narrow, but not seeing ordinarily other captives than the chickens of the governor. There fell in 1602 the head of the Marshal de Biron, who received his sentence in the tower there, that of the corner. In that same tower in 1631 the Marshal de Bassompierre wrote his memoirs, and Sacy in 1666 translated the Bible. The other tower, the last, is that of the well. A well is really to be found there.

Let us go out. We have seen what we can see of the Bastile in 1778. But if we could in repassing by the great interior court mount the tower we see there we would find a prisoner brought there this day, and the name of this prisoner is Julian. He may have seen twenty-five years, tall and well made, with beautiful features, an austere brow, and deep sadness of expression. What has he done? He picked up at Passy, before the house of Franklin, a little package of papers. On arriving at the barriers of Paris he wished to see what it was, and while he read by the light of the lamp he saw a man observing him. Already frightened by the first lines, for he recognized a song against the queen, he put the paper in his pocket, and this movement marked him as an object of suspicion. The policeman advancing toward him, ordered him to follow him. Conducted before the Lieutenant of Police, he gave up the song, declaring that he had found it. The magistrate, unwilling to receive so common an excuse, considering the nature of the crime, referred him to the minister of the house of the king. The minister believed no more than the magistrate in the sincerity of Julian. One hour after, near midnight, Julian entered the Bastile.

But the Bastile was not a Bastile for him. It was for him a relief to cease to be his own master, and to have only to wait what an all-powerful Will should ordain for him. Far, then, from being terrified at the thought of the despotism under whose grasp he felt himself, it was with a sort of pleasure he accepted the yoke, and this liberty of which they had deprived him he was willing to lay down of himself. Fatality, like annihilation, is a kind of haven for those who know no other. His resolution is taken. He will not attempt to go out of this place; he

will not even seek to profit by a secret which had dawned upon his apprehension. Had he not recognized near the house of Franklin the voice of the Duke de Chartres? Was it not probable that the song had fallen from the pocket of the prince, notoriously the enemy of the queen? There were, besides, five or six copies, proof that the prince had intended to spread them. But Julian will say nothing. He will repeat that he has found the papers, and that he is ignorant of their origin. They may do with him what they please.

The somber influence of the place, however, excited his imagination, and while he remained on his own account a stranger to the terrors of the Bastile, he felt them profoundly for those whom they had consumed, and those whom they were yet to consume. A feeble lamp lighted the lofty octagon room. Seated on the side of his bed, his arms crossed, he looked round on the bare walls as if he were waiting for a voice to reveal to him who had lived in this tomb. But what to him were the names? It was not a lesson of history that his heart asked of the Bastile. He heard then this voice, and, except the names, it told him enough.

Here, said he, have been slowly extinguished the hopes of the young man and the will of the man of riper years. Here the old man has lost the last remembrances of childhood. Here intelligence has become changed into folly. Here all sentiment has become torture. Here none are happy but those who think no more, who feel no more. But a long time must elapse before attaining this sluggish peace of the brute and the plant. In vain the soul is wasted in the devouring idleness of the dungeon; it springs up again to be wasted anew, and Prometheus would have preferred his vulture to this slow gnawing of the worm.

Thus lingered the time on the dial of this long night, which had for hours, years—for minutes, months—for seconds, weeks; days were not numbered. It was the same ever beginning; the captive had not even the joy of feeling himself grow old, and death like men seemed to forget him. Death! He knew not even where had been its work, and whether the names he had kept in his heart were the names of the living or the dead. This is what one of them wrote in 1752 to a minister: "If monseigneur would grant me in the name of the Holy Trinity the grace of hearing some news of my wife, only her name on a card to tell me that she is still in the world, it is the greatest consolation that I can receive, and I will ever bless the goodness of monseigneur."

Not to have after all between the living and

one's self but the good pleasure of a minister, of a king at most, of a man, in every case of a simple man; and to say to one's self, to repeat twenty years, thirty years, forty, perhaps, that that man could with a word restore to you the sun, air, life, all; and to know that this man is in the bosom of glory and luxury; and to burn to say to him—. But silence, poor prisoner! He is far off, and here are thy walls. He would be near if he did not listen to thee, perhaps better than these stones. All that thou wouldst tell him does he not know it? And he leaves thee. Suffer, be silent, and, if thou canst, die.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

### VOICES FROM NATURE.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

#### I.

WHAT is this which I have opened from the solid rock? It has the appearance of a bivalve shell, like a clam or an oyster. I was passing a delightful Summer day amid the romantic scenery of Trenton Falls, and broke from the rocky wall of the deep-cut gorge these unexpected forms. They can not be the shells of oysters or clams, for, in the first place, they are only stone in substance, and, in the next, they are nearly three hundred miles from salt water and as many feet above the level of the sea. They can not be the petrified shells of fresh-water molluscs like the muscles, because the two valves of the muscles are equal, and they have inside a rounded impression near each extremity of the marginal border, showing where the two ligaments were attached which hold the two valves of the muscle together. It seems unreasonable to suppose that these shell-like forms have ever belonged to living animals. They are mere "freaks of nature." Perhaps they have been produced by "the influences of the stars," or, it may be, there is some mysterious principle in the earth, which, by some sort of "fermentation," produces these semblances to living forms. Or, still again, as these rocks existed before animals were created, it may be that the Creator molded these lifeless shapes to serve as "prototypes" or "models" from which the living forms of animals were to be copied.

So reasoned the world prior to the sixteenth century. But this was when the philosopher sat in his closet and argued how things ought to be instead of going forth to observe how they actually are. We have learned to study Nature with a different spirit. Her phenomena

are the premises of our reasoning instead of its conclusions. We no longer shrink from the contemplation of the most lowly or unsightly of her animated forms, but view rather the whole animal creation as the expression of a Divine thought. And when we have looked back into the ages past and studied the history of races long extinct, their logical succession in time and their mutual connection of fundamental plan have shown us that one Intelligence has marshaled the entire procession which reaches from the present back into the ages almost infinite. The progressive development of the physical world, its successive adaptations to its successive populations, and finally its special preparation for the occupancy of man, are another series of facts, proving that an eternal, intelligent *master purpose* has made the whole creation—the coherent result of one Mind. What higher subject of contemplation than the world-phenomena which express the thoughts of the Creator? What nobler history to study than the annals of races and revolutions in which the Almighty purpose and not a human will has been the controlling power? What antiquities more awe-inspiring than the ruins of continents and the tombs of races whose splendid dynasties passed their meridian and decline, while yet the family of Adam was in the unborn future, and God, in the awful solitudes of earth, worked out his all-embracing plans? From the elevated standpoint of modern science the view before us is inspiring. Let us thread a few of the foot-paths leading up to this enchanting altitude.

Go with me first to the coast of the Gulf of Naples. There, near the ancient town of Puzzuoli, at the head of an indentation in the Bay of Baia, stand three marble pillars, forty feet in height. Their pedestals are washed by the waters of the Mediterranean. The marble pavement upon which they stand, and which was in the second century the floor of a temple, or, perhaps, of a bath-house, is sunken three feet beneath the waves. Six feet beneath this is another costly pavement of mosaic, which must have formed the original floor of the temple. What does all this indicate? The foundations of a temple would not be laid nine feet beneath the level of the sea. They must have been built upon the solid land. As the land subsided a new foundation was laid, and a new structure was reared above the encroaching waves. But look upward and examine the surface of the marble. For twelve feet above their pedestals these pillars are smooth and uninjured. Above this is a zone of about nine feet, throughout which the marble is perforated with numerous holes. Exploring these holes we find

them to enlarge inward, and at the bottom of each repose the remains of a little boring bivalve shell—*Lithodomus*. This little bivalve is the same species which is now inhabiting the adjacent waters. We know well its habits. It does not live in the open water. It burrows in the sand, or bores its way into the shells of other molluscs, or into solid stone. But it never climbs trees or marble columns to build its nest like a bird in the air. How, then, does it occur twenty-three feet above the surface of the water? There evidently has been a time when the whole column to the height of these *Lithodomi* was submerged. The oscillations of the surface, therefore, as shown by these indications, were first a subsidence and submergence of the original foundation, requiring the construction of the second one six feet above the other—the continuation of the subsidence till the original pavement was twenty-seven feet beneath the surface, at which depth it remained a sufficient time for the little stone-borers to penetrate to the heart of the pillars—a work which they required a lifetime to accomplish. Next occurred an elevation, raising the *Lithodomi* out of the water, and thus ending their existence. Nor is this all. Observations made since the beginning of the present century show that the foundations of this temple are again sinking at the rate of one inch per year.

Such an example throws a flood of light upon the question of past geological changes. It establishes the doctrine of the unstable condition of the land. The rock is no longer the emblem of firmness and stability. We have here a monument which perpetuates the remembrance of secular oscillations in the level of a continent. The little *Lithodomus* has graven the inscriptions upon the marble pillar even at the cost of its own life. Such care has Providence ever exercised to leave in our hands a key by which to unlock the mysteries of the past ages.

It is established, then, that the level of a continent may vary—that its shores may be submerged, and that at a subsequent period they may rise again from the waves. But the doctrine does not rest upon an isolated example. The oscillations recorded upon the pillars of the temple of Jupiter Serapis are only a clear and beautiful illustration of the nature of the proofs which exist upon every shore. The columns of other temples are in a similar manner found submerged. Roman roads have been discovered many feet under water. Ancient sea-coasts have been observed far inland. On this continent the shore line of the Atlantic is experiencing a series of slow, undulatory movements. Along the coast of New Jersey the sea has encroached

within sixty years upon the sites of former habitations, and entire forests have been prostrated by the inundation. In the harbor of Nantucket the upright stumps of trees are found eight feet below the lowest tide with their roots still buried in their native soil. Similar ruins of ancient submarine forests occur on Martha's Vineyard, and on the north side of Cape Cod, and again at Portland. In the region of the St. Croix River, separating Maine from New Brunswick, the coast has been raised, carrying deposits of recent shells and sea-weeds in one instance to the height of twenty-eight feet above the present surface of the sea. The island of Grand Manan, off the mouth of the St. Croix River, is slowly rotating on an axis, so that while the south side is gradually dipping beneath the waves, the north is lifted into high bluffs. Near the River St. John is an area of twenty square miles containing marine shells and plants recently elevated from the sea. One hundred and fifty miles east of here the shore is experiencing another subsidence. The north side of Nova Scotia is sinking while the south is rising, inasmuch that breakers now appear off the southern coast in places safely navigable years ago. The ancient city of Louisburg on the island of Cape Breton is another testimony to the uneasy condition of the land. This place was once the stronghold of France in America, and had one of the finest harbors in the world. It was well fortified, and had a population of twenty thousand souls within its walls. It was destroyed during the French and Indian war, and the inhabitants dispersed. But Nature had herself ordained its abandonment. The rock on which the brave General Wolfe landed has nearly disappeared. The sea now flows within the walls of the city, and sites once inhabited have become the ocean's bed. In 1822 the entire coast of Chili was elevated to a height varying from two to seven feet—an extent equal to half the area of France having been lifted up bodily. In 1831 an island—since called Graham's Island—sprang from the bed of the Mediterranean, between Sicily and the site of ancient Carthage. This island is now again but a sunken reef.

As might be expected, the records of continental oscillations are not confined to sea-coast lines, but may be detected along our lakes and in the valleys of the rivers. If such changes occur in a lifetime, what may not a slow subsidence or elevation amount to in the course of a thousand years? A depression in the valley of the lower Mississippi of only three hundred feet would admit the waters of the Gulf of Mexico up to the mouth of the Ohio. A trifling

depression of Northern Illinois would furnish an outlet to the Gulf for Lakes Michigan, Superior, and Huron. A depression of one thousand feet would submerge all the Southern and Western States.

How easy, then, in view of facts which every body can observe, to admit the geological doctrine of the former submergence of all the continents! The shells broken from the wall of the gorge at Trenton Falls, though unlike any fresh water forms, are still the kindred of beings now living in the Atlantic, and with the evidence before us we can not resist the conviction that the dominion of the sea once extended over the Empire State. As the relics of Roman dominion are found in England, and France, and Germany, and Palestine, and nobody questions the evidence of these relics, so the antiquities of old ocean have been exhumed from the soil of thirty-four States; and who shall now perpetrate the folly of denying to one empire the universality which every body concedes to the other?

So reasoned Fracastoro when, in 1517, the exhumation of a multitude of curious petrifications at Verona, in Italy, had aroused the speculations of numerous writers. But his reasonable suggestion was too bold for the philosophy of that age, and Fracastoro was stamped a heretic by that Papal orthodoxy which persecuted also

"The starry Galileo with his woes."

## II.

It required a century to gain the credence of the world to the suggestion of Fracastoro. This point gained it took a century and a half to overthrow the popular belief that the inhumation of fossil remains was all effected at the time of the Mosaic deluge. But few observations of the nature of those already cited had at this period been made. With our present knowledge of the oscillations which are going on in the comparative level of continents and oceans, he is beyond the reach of argument who can still deny that our beautiful prairies have for ages instead of months been the bed of a sea which rolled its surges from the Adirondacks on the east to the Rocky Mountain ranges on the west. Admitting the deluge of Noah to have been universal, were the agencies in operation during the one hundred and fifty days of its continuance sufficiently energetic to accumulate sediments twenty miles in thickness in that brief period? This is a conclusion which all our observations contradict instead of sustaining. And then consider the myriads of organic remains entombed in these sediments.

Their number is fifteen or twenty times as great as that of all existing animals, and no evidence exists that the waters of the Mosaic flood were so immensely populous, nor that they were of such a nature as to sweep from existence cubic miles of aquatic forms. And again, four-fifths of the fossil species are now extinct, and if they were exterminated by the deluge the objector to theological teaching trips his own feet, for Moses says that Noah preserved pairs of "all flesh wherein is the breath of life, and of every thing that is in the earth." Finally, if the deluge was universal and "the mountains were covered," how could a hundred thousand feet of sediment be deposited in one hundred and fifty days—or at the rate of one-eighth of a mile a day—in the valleys and along the slopes of the mountains and not a particle to be left upon their granite summits?

More illogical still is the position of some modern objectors that God created every portion of the earth's crust as we find it. We must thus ignore the indications of every one of a myriad facts. As well deny that human hands built the Roman aqueduct or made the pottery exhumed from buried cities or Indian mounds. As well avow our disbelief that Vesuvius ejected the lavas which incrust its sides—that the lightning has struck the riven oak—that the pebble upon the sea-shore has been rounded by the action of the waves, or that the vacated shell by its side was not long since the home of an animal enjoying its existence in the brine. Such a belief is to contradict all appearances—to reject that which is most probable and almost demonstrable for that which is contrary to all our observation. It would be but a waste of ink to refute conceits that have been a thousand times refuted.

A large part of the solid crust of our globe has, therefore, passed through an ablation in the sea. Particle by particle, grain by grain, pebble by pebble has been worn from the pre-existing rocks, and after being rolled to and fro for ages by the surges of the sea, has found its way to the deep and quiet ocean-bed. There layers innumerable have been piled upon it. Some of the agencies of nature have solidified the vast accumulations of sediment; an earthquake throe has resulted in the birth of a continent, over which the mighty mutations of a geological epoch have swept in grandeur which no human eye was yet created to contemplate; then, in the preappointed order of Providence, man came upon the earth, and to-day, after the lapse of an interval of time which to human apprehension is infinite, we split open the solid layer, and behold! the very pebble or granite

which was loosed from the primitive rock in the dim ages of the earth's history, which reach far back into the eternity of God! And by its side is a form—an animal form—clearly an animal form; but if we search the world through we shall not find its like among existing beings. It is a strange and uncouth form. It was one of the earliest representatives of organization upon our globe. Here, in deep ocean solitudes, it lived and sported its day—monarch, perhaps, of an empire thrice the extent of Alexander's. And here it perished—its entire lineage perished. Not a solitary individual has survived, and there is not a living being upon all the earth or in all the wide realm of the ocean with which we may compare this anomalous vestige and determine how it stood related to other beings. Not one, I said; but the faithful explorations of the forgotten zoölogist have brought to light a solitary family which has inherited the *outré* forms of this primeval ancestor. So do we find the mute monarchs of the ancient continents and seas represented in modern courts by a few obscure individuals still bearing the quaint livery of their antiquated ancestors. Thus do we often witness the remotest past united to the present by single links, and thus do we learn the identity of that Intelligence whose finger-marks remain upon the ruins of past geological epochs, and whose wisdom and benevolence have beautified the landscapes which we daily admire.

But water has not been the only purifier of the materials of the solid crust of the earth. I spoke of "preëxisting rocks" from which the pebble had been broken by the violence of time. These have been purified by fire. Every-where do we find these massive crystalline rocks resting beneath the entire series of those which have been accumulated in the form of sediments from water, and which have buried in their common sepulcher the hordes of earth's pre-adamite existences. These foundation granites are bearing upon their Atlantean shoulders the weight of twenty miles of solid strata. They contain no organic remains. They exhibit no evidence of having been produced from sediment. They bear the marks of fire. The devouring element has caused their stubborn sides to yield. They have been in a molten condition. You may take a fragment and fuse it in a furnace and on suffering it to cool under circumstances similar to those in which the rock has been placed it resumes its rock-like aspect. Marks of heat are all about these granites and their associates; wherever they have come in contact with rocks of sedimentary origin, the latter are scorched and reddened. In many cases

they have been actually fused. A sandstone has been converted into quartz, a shale into a micaceous, semi-crystalline bed, a limestone into statuary marble, and all the vestiges of living forms which these strata inclosed have been withered up and dissipated by the touch of fire.

These underlying crystalline masses are not confined to the deep-seated regions of the earth's crust. We find them thrusting their heads up through the ruptured strata which repose upon their flanks. Higher even than the highest summits formed by the stratified rocks, these foundation masses rear their bold, granitic heads. From these cold, serene altitudes they seem to look down with dignified complacency upon the fury of the tempest which brings consternation to the landscape below, but fails to ascend to those frigid, breathless summits which every living thing has equally failed to scale.

Many of these sublime pinnacles were reared before ever a particle of sediment had been produced, or even the world-embracing sea had descended from the regions of space around the earth. From their high stations they have watched the procession of all subsequent events, and while race after race has appeared and disappeared, they have stood calm spectators, unchanged by the myriad vicissitudes of eternity. Others were still the level floor of the ocean when the oldest sediments began to accumulate upon them. In some subsequent age a mighty force has raised them with their load of sediments above the level of the sea. The tempests of succeeding ages have stripped them of their sedimentary coverings, and they stand revealed to the light of day. In other cases the tension of the upheaved strata has caused them to break along the crest of a new-formed ridge. A chasm a mile in depth has opened down to the molten rock below. The fiery sea has risen to the lips of the fissure, and even escaped in a consuming and terrific overflow. In other cases such an eruption has occurred beneath the waters of the sea, and an entire oceanic basin has been converted into a seething caldron, in which fish and oysters, sea urchins and lobsters, corallines and sea-weeds have been cooked together into a Titanian mess of soup. Entire races have thus been exterminated, and when the elements subsided again to a quiet condition the waters have been re-peopled with countless multitudes of beings exactly adapted to the changed circumstances of the earth—not repetitions of the forms just exterminated, but original conceptions, new ideas from the infinite resources of nature, and yet not *fundamentally* different, but united to the old by such an

identity of fundamental plan as to convince us that the Intelligence which presided in the former epoch survived the catastrophes which brought death to all terrestrial existence, and continued to prosecute his unchanged purposes through succeeding epochs.

Thus fire and water in their ever-varying operations have been the principal agencies by which nature has wrought out the great physical results upon which we daily gaze with a familiarity which causes us to forget that these safe and solid foundations on which we build cities, and to which we gain a title with our hard-earned gold, are but the ruins of preëxisting hills, and valleys, and plains in which are entombed the long-forgotten relics of the brute nations which preceded us in the possession of the earth.

—○○○—  
**THE END.**

—  
BY LUELLA CLARK.

So the long, sad life is ended;  
Do not weep,  
Do not grudge the weary eyelids  
Balm of sleep.

Hush! and do not wish to wake her  
From 'her rest;  
Freer now than you could make her,  
This is best.

Do not fret so at her stillness;  
Dark and rough  
Was her pathway—hath she known not  
Toil enough?

Pale lips—hands forever folded—  
This is all;  
Vex her soul not with the anguish  
Of your call.

Do not press her brow with kisses;  
What avail  
Is to her your lavish loving?  
Did you fail

In the years when love could cheer her?  
Do not weep—  
If you helped thus once to tire her,  
Let her sleep.

Far beyond, now, all your loving  
Or your hate,  
Vain to mourn your dearth of kindness—  
It is late.

All your error, all her grieving,  
Who can tell?  
Drop the burden of your sorrow—  
It is well.

—○○○—  
THE good are better made by ill,  
As odors crushed are sweeter still.—ROGERS.

**HOME "ON FURLOUGH."**

—  
BY ELLEN E. MACK.

I WATCHED him 'mid the social throng,  
That gallant soldier boy,  
Around him floated laugh and song  
And sparkled smiles of joy;  
His brow was thoughtful, and his eye  
Seemed looking away far  
To where the white tents gleaming lie  
Beneath the evening star.

Methought he heard the clarion's swell  
Amid the music's breath;  
His country's summons—who could tell?—  
To victory or death!

His cheek from recent sickness white  
To pity's heart appealed,  
But in his eyes there flashed a light  
Fit for the battle-field.

Back to the present scene returns  
His spirit traveling fast,  
With gaze that more intensely burns  
Since it may be his last.

Upon a sister's face it rests—  
How tender is its light!  
It casts on the assembled guests  
A mute, a sad "good-night."

Away from home, from all that's dear,  
He on the morrow goes;  
O, Father, bless the volunteer,  
And save us from our foes!

—○○○—  
**THE WINTER TEMPEST.**

—  
BY MARY E. WILCOX.

THE Winter twilight is fading,  
And down from the frozen North  
The great invisible tempest  
Is rushing mightily forth;  
I hear afar on the mountains  
His terrible monotone,  
As I sit in the deepening darkness—  
Alone, dear friend, alone.

The heaped-up snows of the hill-side  
In his strong right hand he lifts,  
And lightly hurls and shatters  
The heavy mountainous drifts,  
Till the dust of their shivering fragments  
Have blotted the sunset's red,  
And the very stars of heaven  
Have hidden away in dread.

He shakes the rattling windows,  
He calls through the solemn gloom;  
I can feel his chilling presence  
In this lonely, desolate room;  
But I think of the Summer coming,  
And of clover-fields unmown,  
As I sit in the Win'try darkness—  
Alone, dear friends, alone.

## LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY R. A. WEST, ESQ.

## NUMBER VII.

## WOMANLY DEPORTMENT.

MY DEAR —, We have not been unmindful that this is the anniversary of your birthday. We have been with you in spirit, blessing in our hearts our absent daughter, and wishing you, with all the fervor of parental affection, every spiritual and temporal blessing. I doubt not that with the opening day you lifted your grateful heart to God in unison with Charles Wesley's joyous strain—

"God of my life, to thee  
My cheerful voice I raise;  
Thy goodness bade me be,  
And still prolongs my days;  
I see my natal hour return,  
And bless the day that I was born."

On this anniversary of your natal day, and amid the serious meditations in which I feel assured you have indulged, it has doubtless occurred to you that you should now begin earnestly to cultivate the graver thoughts and occupations of womanhood. In truth, your letters have already indicated that this further development of your character is in progress. This is well, and I rejoice over it. I should have been pained had I seen no greater earnestness of purpose, no fuller appreciation of your responsibilities, and no deeper solicitude about worthily filling your part in the great drama of active life as you grew in knowledge and in years.

You stand now, my dear —, on the threshold of womanhood—at the door of a temple which Christianity has sanctified to all virtuous and ennobling influences. I would have you enter, not with abruptness and temerity, but with deliberation, calmness, and dignity, carrying with you at every step the truly-feminine virtues of modesty, tenderness, and grace. Neither vigor of intellect nor the accomplishments of education will atone for the lack of these. They are as essential to the perfection of womanhood as strength is to the maturity of manhood. Some one has well said that as no amount of refinement and tenderness in a man can compensate for the absence of strength bodily, mental, and moral, so no amount of strong-mindedness in a woman can compensate for the absence of these virtues. They are, in fact, your social life, the source of your best and most potent influences. Modesty is woman's natural safeguard, a sensitiveness, an intuition, which makes her withdraw herself from every

thing that has danger in it, warning her to shun every thing that is hurtful, and ever tending to keep her within her own true womanly sphere. Tenderness makes a woman promptly responsive to all generous and gentle impulses, giving "quickness to her sympathies, softness to her judgments, and devotedness to her love, inclining her ever to charity rather than to rigor, to mercy rather than to severity." Grace is an instinctive aptitude, a quick sense of what is becoming, which inspires woman's every word and movement with a beautiful propriety. These three are God's gift to your sex—they are native, not acquired—but they will bear culture, and will marvelously repay it, yielding a bounteous harvest of sincere admiration and esteem. They are the vital essence of womanhood, giving it all its bloom and perfume, and clothing it in irresistible influence.

Bearing these thoughts in mind, you will not find it difficult to walk circumspectly in the path that is opening before you. Let me, however, warn you that there is a spurious modesty abroad at the present day, an affectation of a super-delicacy and super-purity, which, its high pretensions notwithstanding, is but the offspring and evidence of a mind that is really corrupt and an imagination which is depraved and impure. There is startling truth in the maxim—and also in its converse—"To the pure all things are pure." It is a forcible rebuke of that affectation of which I speak, and which demonstrates its *immodesty* by its too ready suspicion or fancied detection of indelicacy where a truly-pure mind would see none. Indeed, these super-sensitive women overact their part, and thereby lay themselves open to suspicion. Innocence in woman needs not the aid of ostentation; like integrity in man, it rests in its own consciousness.

A certain degree of reserve will now become you. An old divine says, "A discreet reserve, like the distance kept by royal personages, contributes to maintain the proper deference." This is undoubtedly true. Women can make their society too cheap, and I would not have you fall into the error. Most of our pleasures are prized in proportion to the difficulty we experience in obtaining them. Never in society or even among select and intimate friends so far forget yourself as to drop that nice decorum of speech, manners, and appearance which is expected from your sex and especially at your age. Sedate manners and a cheerful temper should mark all your social intercourse. "Reverence thyself," though a heathen maxim, is a safe rule, and especially so for woman. She who does not reverence herself must not expect others to show

her deference. Be careful to maintain a becoming dignity and reserve, and your company will be sought after by the discreet and virtuous, which is the highest compliment that can be paid to any woman. I do not mean, my dear —, that you are to be girlishly bashful and shy, or that you are to be proud or distant in your social intercourse. Nor do I object to sprightliness and freedom when supported by good sense and chastened by decency. On the contrary, I admit that dullness and insipidity, moroseness and rigor, are dead weights on every kind of social intercourse. But I would have you so deport yourself with all gentleness and sobriety as to win that respectful deference which it is the prerogative of your sex to receive and the delight of ours worthily to pay. Avoid, therefore, the frivolities of speech and manners which are too common with your sex at the present day. Levity of deportment, however much it may please for a while, never wins cordial and permanent esteem. I would a thousand times rather see a young woman carry her bashfulness too far than that she should pique herself upon the freedom of her manners. Unfeminine boldness is, I think, one of the most marked faults of the present generation. It has done much to destroy respect for virtue, and to weaken that commanding influence for good which those of your sex and age ought to exert and were wont to possess. Men, it is true, are often dazzled for a while by youth, vivacity, and beauty, but they, nevertheless, have their hours of sober thought, when they look upon you with a cooler eye and a closer inspection than you suppose. At any rate the majesty of your sex is sure to suffer by being seen too frequently and too familiarly. "So long as women govern themselves," says a lively writer, "by the exact rules of prudence and modesty, their luster is like that of the meridian sun in its clearness, which, though less approachable, is considered more glorious; but when they decline from this they are like that sun in a cloud, which, though safer gazed upon, is not half so bright."

Remember, also, my dear —, that to God you are responsible for the preservation in all its power of that wonderful influence over our sex with which he has endowed you. This marvelous attribute of womanhood, and the responsibilities it involves, can not be overestimated. I fear they are seldom sufficiently appreciated. No doubt the influence of the sexes is reciprocal, but yours is immensely the greatest. Your power in this respect is all but unlimited. "How often," says one, "have I seen a company of men who were disposed to be riotous, checked all at once into decency by the accidental en-

trance of an amiable woman!" It is by the influence of your sex, and more especially when virtue and piety have sanctified your power, that men's hearts are molded, habits of courtesy are formed, a pleasing urbanity is acquired, and a disrelish is felt for violent passions, coarse jests, and indelicate language of all kinds. Where you awaken honorable love your sway is almost absolute. You can guide the wayward, calm the restless, and reclaim the erring. You are, therefore, as a Christian woman, under the most solemn obligations to avoid every thing that would impair the power and purity of that influence, and to seek after every thing that can increase them. I would have you set before yourself the best standards of your sex. Emulate their example. Cultivate every amiable and noble quality that is adapted to your state or that can insure the affection and preserve the importance to which you were born. Take no part in idle gossip, in profitless discourse about dress and fashion, but let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Seek the society of women of cheerful piety, good sense, and useful lives. Add every useful accomplishment to those you already possess, and especially be careful to keep alive your taste for domestic occupations. It will hereafter be worth more to you than great riches. A knowledge, I mean a practical knowledge, of domestic affairs and their management is both honorable and profitable for any woman, I care not how great her wealth or how high her social position.

There is but one subject further that I need just now counsel you upon. There is a saying that "princes and young women seldom hear the truth." Flattery you have often heard, possibly sometimes with a not unwilling ear. From henceforth discountenance and frown it down. Little of the adulation to which young women are treated is worth a moment's regard. The blunt candor of incivility is really entitled to more respect and consideration. The habitual flatterer is never to be trusted. In your absence he would in all probability not open his lips to defend you when maligned, or in your distress lift a finger to aid you. You can not, of course, always take umbrage at a graceful or well-turned compliment. But you can in a thousand ways manifest your dislike of mere flattery, and by so doing you will raise yourself in the esteem of the honest and good.

Let me add, what the authority of God's Word and the experience of society both confirm, "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Your affectionate father.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A  
COUNTRY PASTOR.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

## NUMBER V.

LANSWOOD PARSONAGE, AUG. 20, 18—.

YESTERDAY I exchanged with brother Sutler, pastor of the Church at Oldtown. Though his people are extraordinarily opposed to an itinerant ministry, they change their preachers oftener than their Methodist brethren. Brother Sutler is the fifth pastor they have had during the last six years. I think I like our sort of itinerating the best, for it is a system. We can feel the solid ground under our feet, and are not expecting earthquakes to break out in every direction. I should not feel easy a moment if the length of my pastorate in a place depended on the caprice of the people.

Brother Sutler is a good man and a fluent speaker or reader, but is not thoroughly educated, if I may judge from Mary's report of the high-sounding and far-fetched adjectives which garnished his discourse. A simple-hearted brother, who has an impediment in his speech, and whose acquired knowledge is of very limited extent, told me that he called that preacher "drefful smart," but I have yet to find a good scholar who is addicted to the use of unintelligible language.

Mary was unable to attend the morning service, but during lunch brother Sutler gave her a sketch of the sermon she had lost, and its manifest effect upon the people. Knowing the sedate, non-committal character of our audience, she was a little surprised to hear of the sorrowful tears and joyous smiles which the discourse had elicited, and disposed to think with the good man that, independently of the close, sultry air of the dog-days, they had "had a most *melting* season."

She sympathized in his apprehensions that he might be quite "shut up in the afternoon, as a reaction generally followed such extraordinary enlargement." At such times, when it was nearly impossible to express a "single consecutive idea," he was afraid he expressed himself "metonymically."

Mary, though a little mystified, agreed with him, but she owned to me that she was at a loss to imagine how the correct reading of a manuscript could be affected by the reader's frame of mind. My little wife has a kind heart, but I doubted the genuineness of her sympathy on this occasion. One look into her eyes assured me that the twinkling in them was not occasioned by tears.

I said nothing. I never encourage criticism

of pulpit effort. I think if it was my privilege to hear the Word instead of preaching it I should be satisfied with the crumbs from the Master's table. I think I should feel that the least gifted of the Lord's ambassadors had a message for me. I feel too truly my own short-comings to look with a curious eye into the faults of my brethren. O, that I had grace to preach as I ought the unsearchable riches of Christ! O, for another outpouring of the Spirit of God upon this people! The young converts of last year hold on their way, and, except in one or two cases, are ornaments to their profession. The Church generally seems to thrive, a hearty union prevails, and the meetings are deeply spiritual and interesting. But we have had no new trophies for months. Perhaps we need the leisure granted us to train up for active usefulness these babes in Christ.

To help them in becoming established in the faith I must begin this afternoon the labor of getting subscriptions for our Church periodicals. Next to the Bible and our Sabbath worship I esteem a sound religious literature. A little effort introduces it, and when once a taste for it is formed we are sure of stable and enlightened Christians.

*September 7th.*—A good cousin of mine has been spending the last fortnight with us. When I call her good I mean *very* good. She is remarkably conscientious, and, though naturally timid, is as bold as a lion in the performance of duty. Nothing is suffered to interfere with her stated hours of devotion, and she seems to have no subject of interest in common with others except the one great theme of religion. Her earnest prayers and exhortations in our prayer meetings are very spiritual, and her deep experience of the things of God makes her a valuable counselor for the young convert.

Yet it so happens that my Mary, who appreciates all her goodness, does not enjoy her stay with us.

"Her strictness and devotion," said Mary just now, as she came into the study to search for Hetty's ever-missing atlas, "are a perpetual reproach to me. I feel all the time as if I ought to be converted anew."

"Well, my dear Mary, perhaps it would not hurt you. I am sure *I* need more religion."

"Yes; but I do n't know how far wrong I may be. If I spent all my time in prayer and meditation who would starch and iron your shirts and cook the dinners? You remember you had no dinner the day cousin kept house for you—the day I went to take care of Mrs. Slater. She read and meditated, but forgot the dinner till her own hunger reminded her. And

only yesterday I asked her to see to the fire and just keep the dinner cooking while I gave Emma Allen her drawing lesson, but she happened to take up "Upham's Interior Life," and the fire was forgotten and went out, and the underdone veal made us all sick."

"Well, Mary?"

"Well, Ernest, I could not help thinking when I was eating the raw meat that the good Father in heaven, who had created us with bodily wants, and had given us the means of supplying them, had made it somebody's duty to cook that dinner. And I thought, too, that if I had neglected so plain a duty, even for prayer or reflection, I should not have felt quite clear in my conscience. But there cousin sat as serene as a June morning, and nothing disturbed the even tenor of her thoughts."

"Take care, Mary. You are not feeling very kindly."

"I confess that I feel provoked. I felt really angry yesterday, and did not get over it all the afternoon. I had no idea it required so much grace to live in the same family with a saint."

"Mary," I said reproachfully, "think what you are saying."

"If you had it to bear, Ernest, you would agree with me. I believe in prayer and meditation, too, and confess my inability to live a Christian life without often turning aside to commune with my God; but there are active duties to perform, and a pretty confusion would result if no one attended to them. Do n't you think God meant us to work as well as pray? to be 'diligent in business' as well as 'fervent in spirit?'"

"This ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone," I said. "Where there are so many worldly-minded Christians I have no heart, Mary, to be severe on our cousin for the strict piety that we both believe to be sincere."

"But surely, Ernest, you do not think it is piety that makes a person shut himself up like an oyster in its shell. How can we do any real good if we must keep our eyes shut so as not to suffer our attention to be diverted from spiritual things? There are other duties besides speaking and praying in meeting, and other crosses besides lecturing folks out of meeting. The Bible tells us to do with our might what our hands find to do. That is a text for idle Christians."

"My dear Mary, you seem really displeased."

"I am afraid," she continued, "that I lack patience as much as cousin lacks—what shall I call it? Not activity, perhaps, for she is active

in her way, though it seems to me a selfish, lazy way. Only think of her gravely preaching to me for half an hour because I was finishing off some of Hetty's clothes with embroidery!

"Such a waste of precious time," she said solemnly. "You will have to account, Mary, for spending it so foolishly."

"Well," I answered, "I am glad I have not got to answer for whole days and even weeks spent in idle meditation when there is so much to be done for the poor as well as for ourselves. I have made two dresses and a jacket for that destitute Irish family since you came here, besides all my own work. I think that will offset the few hours spent in fancy work."

"Why, Mary, what did cousin say to you?"

At this question Mary, who was just ready to cry with vexation, suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. It was so spontaneous and hearty that I joined in it perforce without the least idea what it was all about.

"She said," replied Mary, as soon as she was sober enough to speak, "that she wished to speak to me on another subject. She thought it wrong for a Christian woman to wear hoops. I told her my conscience would not let me starch my skirts with flour that might be made into bread for the poor as she did. Besides, I added, the waste of time in ironing such stiff cloth is more than I should like to answer for. Now, Ernest, do n't put on that grave look, for I assure you there was no harm done. Cousin only looked at me earnestly for a moment, then shut her eyes and resumed the thread of her meditations. I am sure she is not offended, for she has commenced running the breadths of poor Mrs. Doolan's dress on purpose to help me. I was quite astonished when she offered her services."

"Well, Mary, one thing is plainly to be seen.

We do not meditate on spiritual things enough to injure us. I fear our temporal interests too often take precedence, if they do not altogether crowd out of our thoughts our eternal ones. You are at leisure just now, are n't you?"

"Yes, if I can assist you."

"Then let us read this beautiful Psalm together commencing, 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.' I was reading it just before you came in. And let us unite our prayers for God's grace to rest upon us, so that, however others may come short of doing their duty, we may not be found lacking in that day when God shall judge the world."

That hour of prayer! Shall I ever forget its sweet, soothing influence upon our hearts? When only trifles seem to disturb us we can truly say, God is a refuge for us.

Mary rose from her knees strengthened to bear the ills that are unavoidable, and I thankful to God for a companion who is a cheerful, earnest Christian as well as an accomplished and lovable woman.

*October 30th.*—It is a fine evening, though somewhat chilly. The young moon is still high in the western sky, and a blessed quiet pervades the house—thrice blessed after the bustle and toils of the day. Mary has gone to bed completely wearied out, and Hetty sits in a little rocking chair at my feet, hugging and soothing a puny yellow kitten which has taken up its abode with us for a day or two past. Where it belongs, whether it has strayed, or been stolen, or purposely lost are problems that seem to absorb Hetty's thoughts. She is in constant fear that the squalid-looking and every-way-repulsive little beast will be reclaimed by some appreciative owner. There is little danger of so happy a catastrophe.

Ah me, how tired I am! Mentally exhausted as well as physically. We have been to L., to do some necessary shopping. We have often been there before on such business, and, after getting rid of all our money, have returned no ways dissatisfied with our excursion. But in an evil hour Mary accepted Miss Clara Reed's offer to accompany us on this last tour, and also her proposal to spend last night at the parsonage so as to secure an early start. Mary was up betimes, and had a nice breakfast smoking on the table by sunrise. The bell, according to last night's programme, was rung twice, half an hour before breakfast in order to give time for dressing, and again when breakfast was ready. But at this point it was ascertained that the lady had not left her bed, and Hetty, who was sent in to hurry the proceedings, returned with an armful of nondescript articles of clothing to air by the fire, as Miss Clara had observed the fog in the valley, and was sure her raiment must be damp. So the toast and coffee were replaced on the stove, and a fresh fire made to air the aforesaid rigging. This was trial number one, and we thought it sufficiently aggravating—in our innocence imagining that no inconvenience could be more provoking than an unnecessarily-spoiled breakfast.

After breakfast and prayers were over and the kitchen work done up—for Mary never leaves greasy dishes and unswept floors to be locked up in her absence—after Hetty was dressed for school and the active housekeeper had made her own neat and tasteful toilet, I am afraid to say how long the horse stood at the door waiting for the final touches to be put to Miss Clara's bonnet-strings. But I know it will be no small

task to-morrow to replace the gravel in the yard where the impatient animal stamped his sentiments in regard to punctuality. However, we did start at last, just one hour and forty minutes after the hour appointed.

Mary had quite a list of articles to procure, preparing during the Autumn, as she always does, our clothing for the Winter, and thus avoiding the hurry of many housekeepers. But her purchases were soon made, and we were ready to return before noon. "Now came the tug of war." Miss Clara had not commenced business; she had thought best to look round a little first and see what goods were most in demand. So we sat down quietly in a retired corner of a large store to watch the progress of her trading. I thought she was very hard to suit. The clerks took down and unfolded one dress pattern after another only to hear its colors depreciated, its texture found fault with, and its price especially reprobated. I remembered just then the gossip at Lanswood which asserted that brother Samuel Perley had once been attentive to Miss Clara, but after going with her to town to do some shopping he had suddenly ceased his attentions; and that more recently, when a stranger in the place had been similarly attracted, he had, acting on a hint from the said Samuel, gone on a trading excursion with her, and returned clothed and in his right mind, with no disposition to prolong his acquaintance with her. I have no doubt the story is perfectly true. Clerks must be particularly endowed with patience. Mine was soon exhausted, for I have no feelings of forbearance or courtesy on such occasions. But Miss Clara was not satisfied with overhauling and disparaging the contents of one large store; she seemed to have a mission to take account of all the stock in town, and we were dragged from one store to another till the declining sun warned us to delay no longer if we meant to reach home in time for the evening conference meeting. Still Miss Clara had made no purchases, and there was yet another store that she must visit. Mary must go with her to look at the goods. This I would not suffer.

"Mary is already worn out with trotting up and down street after you. She is not your spaniel, Miss Clara. You can look over goods all night, if you please, but we shall start for Lanswood in ten minutes."

"Why, I have not bought a thing yet."

"Can't help it. You have had time to buy the town. We shall be off directly."

Thus hurried Miss Clara at length bought some damaged bonnet ribbon for twenty-five cents, and got into the carriage in no amiable

mood, if her looks did not belie her. We drove on for half a mile in silence. I felt no disposition to talk, and Mary was too tired.

"I am sorry," at last said Mary in the gentlest tone of voice, "that you could not trade after taking so much pains to come with us. But, indeed, it is time we were at home this moment."

"I did n't want to trade, I wanted to see the goods. I like to look them over and price them, and get patterns when I can. I bought all I intended to. But I wanted particularly to go down to Davis's store and look at his plain delaines and alpacas. I saw them advertised, and I think it is a shame to be obliged to return without seeing them. But here is my uncle's, and I will thank you to stop. I want to get out."

"We can't wait long," I remarked as I reluctantly stopped the horse.

"I am going to spend a week here."

"Indeed. So we have waited five hours to bring you half a mile, besides walking half a dozen times that distance in following you about. I think—"

"Do, Ernest, be quiet," interrupted Mary. "Here is your carpet-bag, Miss Clara. Now let us drive on."

"Well, Mary," I said, as we started again, "I must say your words and manner are rather curt and peremptory. I would have given her a lecture worth remembering if you had not interrupted me."

"One that you would have remembered with regret long after Miss Clara had forgotten it. I never saw you look so very angry."

"Well, I never met with any one so uniformly provoking. I felt it impossible to be civil."

"But a Christian minister must also be a gentleman always. Discourtesy would not remedy the evil, but it would injure your influence."

It was too late for the conference meeting when we got home, and I was in no mood to go if we had been earlier. Hetty had made tea for the first time in her life, and had also boiled potatoes and broiled ham in a manner very creditable to a child of eight years. She was dancing round the table perfectly delighted with her housekeeping achievements when we drove up. Our praises of the unexpected repast, which seemed almost providential to us in our weariness and hunger, did not tend to sober her, and the permission to clear the tea things away, and then to sit up an hour later than usual completed her satisfaction.

December 30th.—It is a long time since I have written a line in my journal. Sickness

and death have been busy all around us, and many families have been mourning the loss of loved ones. Mary and Hetty have both been very ill, and both have very nearly entered the dark valley. But God has spared them in answer to my prayers, and we shall begin the new year together. There have been no new cases of fever for some weeks, and we hope it has claimed its last victim here. It seems selfish to indulge the joy and gratitude that fills my heart as I see the faint roses again deepening on the cheek of my loved ones while the light of home has been quenched in so many dwellings. But, while I pity others and would do all in my power to comfort them, my soul exults in view of God's special goodness to me.

A rather unpleasant incident occurred last Sunday. I had read the lesson for the morning and had announced my text when I was disturbed by the noisy whispering of three children who sat by themselves in one of the wing pews at my right hand. They were looking over their Sabbath school books and discussing the merits of the pictures as unconcernedly as if no one else had been in the house. I supposed at once that there was no one present who had a natural right to restrain them, and so I pleasantly asked them to lay aside their books, and told them it was not good manners to whisper when I was trying to talk to them. I soon forgot them in my interest in the theme I had chosen, but on descending the pulpit stairs after the service was over I found myself suddenly confronted by their mother, a tall, handsome woman, whose great black eyes flashed with excitement.

"The next time you undertake to teach my children better manners," she said in a loud voice that was heard all over the church, "I will thank you not to do it in public."

"If they had been properly taught at home, madam," I replied quickly, "they would not have needed it."

Nothing more was said, but the trifle so unsettled my thoughts that I found it impossible to preach the sermon I had prepared for the afternoon, and I merely gave an exposition of the first Psalm. It was a foolish nervousness, but I could not rise above it. I have been told to-day that that family will attend another church till the close of my ministry here. I regret it extremely, for they have much influence in the society.

I have ever esteemed it an act of meanness for a minister to whip his people from the pulpit. It is a desecration of his sacred office. It is cowardly, too, because there can be no reply

without bringing contention into the house of the Lord, and most Church members will bear a great deal in this way before answering back. I have heard some farewell sermons in which the preacher has poured out the real or fancied grievances of the past year, and his own sentiments in regard to them, in such a manner as to disgrace as well as to grieve the Church, while the enemies of the cause rejoiced and strengthened themselves in evil doing. This is not preaching the Gospel, and no blessing attends it. "If thy brother sin against thee go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." Too cowardly to obey the divine mandate it is possible to be, but far better to suffer in silence than to proclaim the faults of an offending brother upon the house-top.

*December 31st.*—It is the last day of the old year. I have called on Mrs. Orley and convinced her that I meant no disrespect to her family by reproving them in church. She was a little cool and distant at first, but when we rose from our knees after prayers she thanked me with tears for not suffering my pride and my sense of innocence in regard to her to hinder my visiting her. She frankly owned she had been hasty and wrong, and also culpably careless in training her children. So the last sun of the new year goes down, leaving me at peace with all mankind.

It is very cold, and the snow lies deep on the ground. Merry sleigh-bells are ringing in all directions. The dark firs on the hill are loaded with the soft white snow, and in the distance seem to be bearing silver fruit. I hear Mary, who is not yet well enough to venture out, singing a farewell to the old year in the parlor below. It is very sweet, and I must go down and join in it; but first I must look out of the window and ascertain what has become of Hetty. It is an hour since I saw her coasting on the hill-side with a troop of noisy children. Now, with her hood thrown back and her long black curls floating on the keen breeze, she is skating with all her might upon the pond at the foot of the garden. Skating, thanks to capricious fashion, is now considered a proper amusement for females; but I can not help wishing that Hetty would not try to out-skate the rough and stronger boys. When she was prostrate with fever, and Mary and I expected to close those bright eyes for their long sleep, I often wondered that I had suffered her love of sport, her fearlessness, or her original modes of enjoyment to annoy me. I think I shall in future be grateful to keep her as she is. God bless my beautiful darling! No one closes up the old year with greater reasons for gratitude than myself, or with

more cheering prospects for the future. For twenty years the new year has found me on my knees before God, anxiously reviewing the past and seeking grace for the future. The coming year, so near, fraught with unknown joys and unthought-of sorrows, must also find me watching. O, for a fresh baptism from above! I need it in order to spend the year in the service of God. I need it that I may not preach Christ in vain. I need it for every-day life in my family, and especially to fit me to join the unnumbered family in heaven.

---

CANT.

---

BY J. D. BELL.

---

THE word at the head of this article sprung from an ancient stock. Its root is Roman, and is, therefore, venerable. And strange enough it is that one of the writers in Addison's Spectator—a contributor whose signature was T.—should have countenanced the opinion that the word grew out of the name of a certain modern and peculiar man. "Cant," says he, "is by some people derived from one Andrew Cant, who, they say, was a Presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who, by exercise and use, had obtained the faculty, alias gift, of talking in such a dialect that, it is said, he was understood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them." That essayist either must have sought to give some whining fanatic a sarcastic hit by assuming that our term cant—a term, as every body knows, of unpleasant signification—came from his name, or he must have been a very poor scholar in the languages. The word evidently originates directly from the Latin *canto*, to sing, and indirectly from the Latin *cano*, to sing. You will readily see that there exists an obvious relation between the present general signification of the term and the meaning of either of the two Latin words which have been mentioned.

Cant is a sort of speech. It is a species of shabby mouthing. In its strictest sense it embraces a series of sounds continually and hypocritically repeated for the sake of effect. Dryden calls it "a whining pretension to goodness in affected terms." The writer for the Spectator, to whom I have already referred, says it "signifies all sudden exclamations, whinings, unusual tones, and, in fine, all praying and preaching, like the unlearned of the Presbyterians." Cant, Walker tells us, "is a corrupt dialect used by beggars and vagabonds," or "a form of speaking peculiar to some certain class or body of men." In Webster's Unabridged it

is said to be "a whining, singing manner of speech; a quaint, affected mode of uttering words either in conversation or in preaching." It is farther said to include "the peculiar words and phrases of professional men; phrases often repeated or not well authorized;" and, forsooth, to cover even "any barbarous jargon in speech." Cæsar once laconically as well as keenly expressed to one who was using it in reading before him the offensive irregularity of tone which is involved in cant, "Do you read or sing?" (*Si legis cantas?*) he asked. "If you sing you sing very ill"—*Si cantas male cantas*.

You have heard the harangue of a professional auctioneer. What a stereotyped babble it was! What a repeated, and repeated, and still repeated medley of "nothings of much sound!" But the auctioneer is only an adept in one kind of cant. He is hired to keep his tongue going in the expression of his set sing-song. And this fact makes his cant more tolerable than that of many a man of different employment. We may, however, learn from the auctioneer's affected mode of speech—which may be taken as the most positive species of cant—the truth that there is ever in cant a sort of hawking for effect's sake.

Some persons become accustomed to a mode of utterance which requires but little more than a machine-like movement of their mental powers and their vocal organs. Ideas are uttered by them, but they are, for the most part, ideas which have been so often uttered in the same whining manner as to have become wedded to a certain set of paltry tones. This sort of half-spoken and half-sung routine is the means by which a weak and obtuse mind seeks to produce an impression. And the cynical Swift will, I am sure, in view of the disagreeable nature of what we are considering, be freely excused for the inelegance of one of the caustic remarks aimed by him at those who use the peculiar intonations belonging to cant. In his discourse on the "Mechanical Operations of the Spirit," he says, "It has been held by some that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection when managed by ignorance, which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch when he tells us that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an ass." Cant, in conversation, in prayer, or in preaching, ever argues the want of a progressive tendency in the mind of him using it. It is a mode of speech which expresses nothing accordant with manly aspiration or the spirit of intellectual nobleness. He who continually repeats the same ideas proves that he has too little mental force to increase his stock of thoughts by thinking out new ones;

and he who utters what he knows or fancies he knows with a set of whining tones proves that his intellect has no well-bred susceptibilities.

See the solitary beggar that comes lazily to yonder threshold. Listen to the plaintive, lugubrious formula which he has for whatever inmate may first meet him. You have heard similar complaints of misfortune, and distress, and ill fare a hundred times from similar applicants for alms. Poor fellow! he has a hard lot, as you well enough know. But suppose that the same lonely mendicant should ask alms of you; and suppose you should reflect that his piteous story—and all the tones with which he tells it are alike stereotyped, and to himself so old and familiar as hardly to require any voluntary effort for their reiteration, would not this reflection materially and irresistibly lessen the warmth of the pitying impulse which would at first rise in your heart and prompt you to an act of generosity? Well, cant has always a similar effect on the minds of the thoughtful. If a preacher should deliver a sermon before you the second time, using nearly the same modulations, what with the considerable lapse of time that might have intervened between the two occasions, it must surely be a sermon well worthy to be twice preached and twice heard in the same place, or your estimate of the speaker would unavoidably be somewhat lowered. There have been many instances of this kind. Some years ago in a certain district in the State of New York a clever presiding elder of the Methodist Church committed the huge blunder of giving a certain discourse the second time to a certain congregation at successive quarterly meetings. It is quite natural to conclude that those hearers could not have been disposed to hear him again, and certain it is that they were not.

The spirit of repetition partakes of the spirit of cant, and both are inconsistent with vigor and fruitfulness of soul. The grand salient peculiarity of the progressive mind is freshness of thought and of expression. It does not like to travel in any one of its paths till it shall have become an old rut. It has an undying relish for newness. But there is no originality, no power of transcendent achievement, no expansion toward full and glorious bloom in the man of cant. He is like the top which spins round and round in one track and with one hum. Coleridge held it to be "a good gauge or criterion of genius, whether it progresses and evolves or only spins on itself."

All modes of utterance designed for effect which obviously do not take hold of the soul of him from whom they come, may properly be said to belong to cant. The Quaker's style of

expression is I cant. His *thee's* and *thou's* are parts of a routine of affected quaintness. And, though beneath his broad-brimmed hat he may have a mind endowed with many kindly qualities, yet his formal manner of speech certainly embraces a whining pretension to goodness.

Be assured the word cant is a generic name for many cases of offensive affectation in expression. The merchant's clerk uses cant in selling goods, and the gay lady of fashion uses it in her nice talk. All strained modes of speaking for effect have the quality of cant. The strong old words of Saxon origin which are ever in so high repute with thinkers, do not pass well with the vain pretenders to elegance. These have two styles of utterance—the one affected and the other unaffected. And the former is essentially a style of cant. It has its set tones, its stereotyped phrases. It is a dialect in which there is no true force, no real heartiness, no sweet eloquence. Fashionable cant embraces a whining mimicry of the phraseology supposed to be current in circles of aristocratic gayety. It is a strain after effect, appearing in the use of garish epithets and formulas. And this kind of mimicked speech is conceived by those who indulge in it as indicating superior culture and polish, while the employment of such language and tones as best accord with common-sense is regarded by them as vulgar. Hence, they are accustomed to talk now and then with their vocal organs strained for a mode of utterance, which, though they deem it especially refined, is, in reality, falsely elegant, absurdly nice. They use the French sound of *a* to the exclusion as far as possible of the other time-honored sounds of this vowel, and adopt weak words of Latin origin instead of terse words of wholesome English. They seem to be as shy of using Anglo-Saxon terms as Hudibras was of using his wit. They pronounce Lord as if it were written *Lawd*, world as if it were written *wuld*, and aristocratic as if it were written *awisto-cuatic*. They do not say breeding, but *bweeding*. They call suite *sweet*, and catastrophe *ketestrophe*. In their cant phraseology no one is ever said to be sick; they prefer to say *extremely indisposed*. It would ill accord with their effort at elegant expression to use the word eat, hence they leave that word to kitchen talkers and say *partake of refreshments*. They aim to call laugh *lahf*, but they sometimes make a ludicrous mistake and call it *lawf*. I find a curious instance on record of a fop who, in his strained mode of flippancy, undertook to speak well of a certain physician. He said he was "a crack doctor," but his pronunciation of the word crack was such that he was understood to call the physician a *quack*

doctor, and was afterward prosecuted for slander. There is a style of criticism which must be placed under the head of cant. Let us consider this.

Swift says that the choicer, the profounder, and the politer method of using books in his day was "to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book was governed and turned like fishes by the tail." In our time there is no small number of critics who use books in a similar manner. A new volume comes out; how is it treated? The autocrat of some daily or weekly—I had almost said *weakly*—newspaper receives a copy. On the wrapper he observes his address written in large, clear characters. As his eye dwells on the superscription he has *thrill of pleasure No. 1*. He takes off the envelope and inspects the book. It is fresh from the press. It is handsomely bound. He opens it. The title-page is fair. The dedication is neat. The table of contents embraces a wide range of inviting topics. The pages are clearly, beautifully printed. It is enough. "This is a fine book," he says to himself, "and it is sent to me *gratis*." Here he has *thrill of pleasure No. 2*. Next day he takes his pen and dashing writes an editorial notice of the new book. And such notice may be taken as representative of the kind of literary cant which is given by most editors in return for early copies of new books. They do not read the fresh volume. If they learn its real animus they learn it from the front part. They determine the character of the book chiefly from its physical appearance and its table of contents. Using the binding, the title-page, the dedication, the matter presented between the dedication and the real beginning, the print, and so much of the style as is indicated in a few passages carelessly selected and hastily perused for their basis, they jump from them as from a spring-board to their favorable conclusion.

Such is the cant of criticism. O, ye scribes, reviewers, hypercritics, how vain ye are! how shabbily poor in thought! Your souls are dwarfed, ye know not how much. Ye have in you little of the stuff of which heroes are made. How often have ye said of some worthless book, "This is readable?" and how often have ye said of some book which was destined to take a lofty place in the world of literature, "This will never do?" Why do ye not read books before ye attempt to tell what they are? Ye are retailers of cant, and I will quote here from my odd but not unlearned friend Tristram Shandy, and say that "of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting."

Turn we, now, to another species of affected expression, proper to be named in the classification we are making. Do you not know, reader, that there is the cant of the nursery? Who can duly conceive how far each one of us has come short of the good to which he might have attained but for all that silly sing-song which was uttered over him when he was a helpless child? Madam, you will deem me cynical here. You will say I vainly, because unreasonably, protest and philosophize against that old way of gentle and petting phraseology by which the best men in the world were entertained and soothed in their infancy. I know, madam, the dependence of the little child on that fund of cherishing love which God made so deep in woman. I am not unmindful how much to me has been the fondness of that dear maternal bosom on which I first learned the warmth of human affection. Still, madam, I must speak against nursery cant. It is, surely, something useless, inconsistent, and decidedly injurious. There is a way of pleasing and quieting the infant equally fond and far more accordant with the teachings of philosophy. Woman, hast thou a child whom thou art to-day fostering with all that sweet mercy which is thine? Hear me. I would bid thee speak to those little ears not foolishly. Hush thy infant's cry with soft accents, but not with affected fondness. It is a wonderful thing that any body becomes great. The wonder is because parental errors make the route to greatness so costly to children. The mind of nearly every person has to unlearn a million mispronunciations, false ideas of things, and pernicious whims imposed on it in early life. And who can estimate how hard a thing the attainment of the power of noble speech is made to be by the effect of that jargon of soft, whining talk with which infant ears have to become familiar? All babies that are helpless have to hear nursery cant till they become old enough to know that the retailers of it are themselves babies in adult's clothes.

But there are other kinds of cant. In the political world there is an affected mode of expression, a whining pretension to goodness. Political cant is the style in which mediocrity limply reiterates the talk of partisan leaders. And it is of all conceivable things the most empty of significance. It is a routine of "stale, flat, and unprofitable" repetitions. It is a set story whiningly told. All parties in politics have their stereotyped, hackneyed phrases. Each thinks itself the best one, and uses its own peculiar parade of words and arguments to prove the truth of what it thinks. The Republicans of the North state their principles and purposes, appeal to the fathers of the Republic, profess

that they are the only patriotic party in the nation, and declare that they hope to triumph because there is a God in Israel. Their opponents of the South state with equal clearness their principles and purposes, appeal with equal enthusiasm to the fathers of the Republic, profess with no less assurance that they are the only patriotic party in the Union, and declare with the same kind of affected solemnity that they may trust their cause to the Supreme Disposer. Such is political cant.

At this point it may be well to introduce that species of whining pretension to goodness which has in all ages sadly interrupted the progress of genuine religion. Sanctimonious cant—what is it?

See that person who seems so zealously pious, so earnestly devout. Behold his countenance. It wears a look of intense seriousness. His eyes are now closed as if he were absorbed in saintly meditation, and now open and directed upward as if he were communing with God, silently, yet with mighty faith. He kneels, and begins to utter words of supplication. Hear him now. His prayer consists of phrases and interjections, all of which you have a hundred times heard in previous instances. But you could, nevertheless, easily endure his use of hackneyed expressions could you see any evidence of spiritual freshness and fervor in the man as he utters them. But, though he prays vociferously and with grave intonations, yet he prays with an obvious want of pious emotion. His petition is loud, but empty so. His solemn manner of speaking is evidently an affectation. In short, his phraseology seems to you utterly barren of true devotional feeling, and you can not help thinking that his prayer is one of the kind which Jesus condemned in the sermon on the Mount. Forcibly enough comes to your mind that passage of the Master in which he cautioned his hearers against the use of "vain repetitions" in their prayers, telling them it was the way of the heathen, who thought they should be heard for their much speaking. "Vain repetitions!" How vividly descriptive is this phrase of every prayer like the one we are considering! It expresses all but the whining tones with which such prayers are made. These two words, vain repetitions, were adopted by the translator as best showing the meaning of the single Greek term used in the text. And that Greek term is very peculiar. It is a verb in the second person. Put in English letters it is *Battologesele*. It is said to have been formed from the name of Battus, a certain babbler, of whom Suidas says that he made long hymns consisting of many lines, all of which were full

of repetitions. How fitting the word thus formed to express the character of a prayer consisting of cant phrases and cant tones—a prayer which is a sort of babble abounding with tautologies!

But by and by the man before you rises and stands on his feet. You observe that he has already begun to utter words. You listen to him. He uses language freely, but you clearly see that it has no Christian force. Nothing the man says is fervent. All he says he has evidently long been accustomed to say. You would lay a wager that his soul hardly knows what his lips are speaking. His voice ascends and descends in a lugubrious sing-song. He has a whine, but you observe no reason for calling it holy. You could, however, patiently hear him if you could feel that any of his utterances are outspakings of earnest thoughts or of pious desire. But you can too plainly see that all this noise from the man's mouth is only a hypocritical parade of stereotyped words and tones—a sort of pretentious, profitless hawking—is speech, it is true, but speech unimbued with spirituality, and uttered with an obvious affectation of old-fashioned, solemn sounds.

Now, permit me to affirm that every instance of grave mouthing, like the one that has been sketched, is an instance of sanctimonious cant. This is a grievous evil in the Church. It is the style in which conceited mediocrity and obtuse, stubborn ignorance make their professions of devotedness. It is a strain after effect exhibited in the expression of purposes that the mind has never formed, and of a zeal that the heart has never felt. It embraces a loudness which has no accompanying earnestness to make it justifiable. He who uses this kind of cant assumes "rueful looks of affected concern." He is unspiritually serious; he is dolefully shallow.

It is related of a certain well-known and venerable Methodist elder in one of the Eastern Conferences—a man who likes to deal out a withering hit now and then at sanctimonious cant—that once when he heard at a prayer meeting in his district the phrase, "Lend me your prayers that I may," etc., he responded with a quaint, Cromwellian sternness, "No, no lending of prayers here, it will never do!" And it is also said that on another occasion when one individual with an affectation of great anxiety spoke of a friend who was straying far in the way of sin and ruin, and asked that the brethren might put forth efforts to save him, the same wise though very eccentric old preacher exclaimed, "Go after him! go after him! Go yourself!"

The subject which has thus far been discussed

is far from being exhausted, but it is needful that at this point the pen of the writer stop in its track.

### THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

IN HEXAMETER VERSE.

BY CHARLES H. HARRON.

THIS is the ice-fettered North. Here it seems as the monarch of Winter  
Did hold a perpetual court 'mid the glaciers, the bergs,  
and the ice-floes.

Nothing there is before and nothing behind but the ice-fields;

Nothing to right nor left but the frozen expanse of the waters.

Nor is it level and smooth like an inland lake frozen over,

As falls a child to sleep in death with a smile on its features;

But it is hummocked and heaped in the utmost chaotic confusion.

Over this dreary waste, higher north than their fellows had ever

Wandered for science or gain, two lonely men toiled on their journey—

One had the stoical face of an Esquimaux, the other a Saxon.

Forth to the North they had gone by command of the Arctic explorer

In search of the open sea that bounded the Ultima Thule.

Wearied and worn though they were, and burdened by sorrow and sickness,

Still on their monotonous way, impelled by both duty and pleasure,

Over the hummocks of ice and over the chasms of glaciers

They went with un murmuring toil, intent on the end set before them.

Their path now became insecure, for the ice was both broken and drifting.

While through the air fitted birds—a strange sight in those boreal regions—

Eiders, and doves, and gulls that dwell where the waters are open.

And at last by the coast of that sea on which human eye had ne'er rested

They stood and beheld its clear waters that lay stretched out far to the northward—

Far as the eye could reach—unobstructed by iceberg or island.

There on the shore have they planted the glorious flag of our Union,

Farther by miles to the north than had e'er floated banner before it.

With the open sea by their side, and the Stars and the Stripes waving o'er them,

They kneel on the icy beach, undisturbed in their earnest devotion

Save by the cries of the birds and the low, sullen roar of the ocean.

**"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?"**

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"WHY, Archie Allen, you are not ready for Church yet; we shall surely be late," said the young wife as she entered the elegant library where her husband sat reading a choice volume of poetry. It was Clara's first Sabbath in her new home. She had but lately left the sheltering roof of a kind great-uncle, who had taken her to his home when a lonely orphan, and reared her very tenderly, surrounding her with every comfort and many of the elegancies of life. A gentleman some years her senior had won her heart's affections, and now she was installed as mistress of his beautiful city home. Six months before she had publicly professed her love to the Savior, but she was yet in the morning of her religious life. She needed the fostering care of an experienced, devoted Christian. Would she meet with such aid from him who was to be her future companion and protector? "Marry only in the Lord," was the advice of an aged friend to the young girl.

"Archie is not a professor of religion," she reasoned with herself; "but he respects religion, I know, and who can tell what influence I may exert over him?"

"You are not really going to Church to-day, Clara, dear, cold as it is?" said the young man, dropping his book and looking up with a smile.

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing as staying at home from Church unless one was ill?"

"I think I am not very well, Clara. Won't you stay at home and take care of me? Read me some poetry and sing a few of your sweet songs."

Clara looked at him a moment a little incredulously and then replied, "You are very well, I know by your laughing. I think it is very wrong to stay at home from Church, indeed I do, Archie. Won't you go with me?"

"But where shall we go, my good little wife?"

"Wherever you are accustomed to."

"I am accustomed to attend that cozy little brick church down by your uncle's, and I thought I had done duty so well there I should be considered religious enough for the rest of my days. But do n't look so sad, Clara. I will go any where to please you. I know of a splendid marble church on the Avenue. We will drive there if you like, though I really have no idea of what persuasion it is."

"I hope it is not a Catholic church. I would not go there for any thing."

"I am sure it is not a Catholic church. So if you will order the carriage I will be ready in a few minutes," and he left the room gayly humming the fragment of an opera air.

It was an elegant, stately church. The brilliant light which flowed through the stained windows almost dazzled the sight of the young girl accustomed only to the plain green shades of the humble village church. The voice of the deep-toned organ rolled through the marble hall and then burst forth into a light, gay air, which, to her unaccustomed ears, sounded strangely in a house of worship. God seemed nearer in the little church at home, which, nestled down among the grassy mounds and moss-grown head-stones, seemed always pointing to a life beyond.

When the minister arose she marked well his graceful air, the polished words and sentences which flowed so smoothly from his lips as he read them from the page before him. But, alas!

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there."

Clara felt that her soul had not been fed as she sadly rolled away from the marble church; but there was much around her to attract the gaze of one who had never before spent a Sabbath in the city. Her husband was glad to be released from the sound of "the prosy old doctor's essay," and was in quite a good humor with himself for his act of self-denial in going to Church. So the drive home was quite a pleasant one, though considerably longer than the one to Church.

When they reached home a note was brought in containing an invitation from a fashionable friend of Mr. Allen's to take a little drive out to the new park grounds that afternoon. The carriage would call at three o'clock.

Clara was shocked at such a disregard of the sanctity of God's holy day, and her husband employed a great deal of skillful rhetoric and much more subtle sophistry before she could be brought even to entertain such a project.

"You know I went to Church to please you this morning. I am sure you will be kind enough to oblige me by accepting my friend's invitation. I know he would be seriously offended if we did not."

Alas for youth when the counselors it relies on "counsel to do wickedly!" Clara yielded, though with sad misgivings, and dressed herself for the ride.

The lady beside her was very courteous and attentive, and the gay conversation turned on various frivolous worldly subjects, till in the

pleasant excitement of the drive Clara almost forgot the day. When they turned back again Mrs. Harvey insisted that they should dine with her, and the carriage stopped at their residence. A gay evening was spent, Clara being prevailed upon to play some of her choicest music and join her new acquaintance in singing some popular songs, which she did with most exquisite grace and expression. Her dark eye grew brighter and her fair cheek flushed softly as she felt the proud, admiring glance of her husband bent upon her. But underneath all her pleasure was a dull sense of pain and a consciousness of wrong-doing, which was a very serpent trail among her fragrant flowers. When she reached her home again a flood of regretful sorrow overwhelmed her heart, and she wept bitterly. Her husband sought most tenderly to soothe her grief, and secretly resolved to undermine the "superstition which caused the dear girl so much unhappiness."

"You have done nothing wrong, dear Clara, that you need reproach yourself so bitterly. You have only spent a pleasant afternoon and evening with a friend. We must have dined somewhere, and what difference whether at their house or our own! What is life given us for except to make it just as full of happiness as we can, and to make others around us happy! Just think how much pleasure your sweet singing gave my friends and me. Harvey said it was better than the finest opera he ever heard. So do n't spoil your bright eyes crying, darling. Religion ought to make people happy. I am afraid yours has not to-day, Clara, so I can not think it is just the right sort for you. Now, really, did not the drive to and from Church do you more good than the sermon? I am quite sure it did; so I always intend to take a good long road to Church in future."

It was some consolation to know that her husband intended to go to Church with her in the future; so Clara dried her eyes and listened to a little gem of poetry he had selected to read to her that morning.

Little by little the rock of her faith was worn away, and she was fast learning to look on happiness as the true end of existence instead of holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord." And, alas! many whose associations are far less worldly make this mistake, and look mainly for a great deal of joy and exalted happiness in their religious life. Because they do not attain it they go mourning all their days, looking with weeping eyes on those whom they regard as more favored of God, because the light of gladness shines upon their pathway. Desponding heart! there is no true happiness in

religion where that alone is the end you seek. Holiness must be the end and aim of your whole course, or your joy will be like the "hope of the hypocrite, but for a moment." "Be ye holy, for I am holy," is the Divine command.

How strange that a truly-loving heart could enter upon such a task as that which Mr. Allen now commenced—the work of loosing a trusting nature from its only safe moorings, leaving it to drift without a compass or a guiding-star upon a sea abounding with fearful rocks and angry breakers. But such is the hatred of the natural heart to the humbling doctrine of the Cross and salvation alone through Him who was crucified upon it.

Clara was fond of reading, and her husband took care to place in her way certain fascinating writers then quite popular, whose frequent merry flashes and sarcastic allusions to the "orthodoxy" tended more surely than serious reasoning would have done to make her think lightly of the faith in which she had been trained. The old-fashioned Bible was skillfully tortured out of its plainest meanings by these so-called reformers, or utterly ignored where it could not be distorted to suit their views. What their opinions of its inspiration were could never be clearly seen by others, if, indeed, they had ever given such a trifling matter any consideration whatever. Instead of the sure foundation which has Jesus Christ for its cornerstone, and a religion which teaches faith, humility, self-denial, earnest labor for souls, and all lowly virtues, they profess to throw wide open the doors of a "broad church," which should gather in all mankind as brothers, which should teach them the dignity and excellence of humanity, and give every one a free pass at last on the swift train over the celestial railway. In their great harvest field they claimed the tares to be as valuable as the wheat, and never gave thought to the "harvest day." But, alas! calling the tares wheat will not avail when "the Lord of the harvest" comes and the command is given, "Bind them in bundles to burn them."

But the form in which the fatal error was clothed was fair and pleasing, especially so when her husband would

"Lend to the charm of the poet  
The music of his voice."

There was one favorite writer who seemed to possess a magic power in painting every shady nook and mossy wayside spring of the human heart. No old, gray rock or fathomless shadow of feeling seemed to escape that observing eye. And there were clear, bold strokes sometimes

which showed a strength not often given to a woman's hand. Through all her writings ran a thread of light reflected from God's Word, though bent out of its own right line by the prism through which it flowed. Much was said of the love and tender mercy of God, but the fact that he is also a just God, and "will in no wise clear the guilty," was set aside as a hard doctrine. The gay scoffer, the one who despises Christ's tender offers of love and pardon, provided he is amiable and pleasant among his friends and associates, must not be given over to a just retribution. God is too loving a father to see such a lovely scorner perish. It is "so incongruous" to think of one with whom we have had such pleasant converse here being shut up forever in the abode of the lost. The sophistry gradually wrought its work; the more readily, as poor Clara, in the whirl of fashion and gaiety, failed to bring it to the test of "the word and the testimony."

Five years had rolled away, and there were maturer shadows on Clara's thoughtful brow. The world without had grown to be a dull, monotonous song.

"The day comes up above the roofs  
All fallow from a night of rain;  
The sound of feet, of wheels, of hoofs  
In the blurred streets begins again;  
  
The same dull sound, the same dull lack  
Of luster in the level gray;  
It seems like yesterday come back  
With his old things, and not to-day."

Such is the world to one who lives within it without an end and aim. In her own home circle, though, her heart had room to expand its choicest tendrils. A noble boy three Summers old was prattling at her feet, and all the demands of fashion could not make her forget a mother's duties. Still they were only the duties that pertained to his temporal welfare, for the flame of devotion had long since smoldered to ashes on the hearth-stone of her heart. Alas! it is easy for the heart to forget God. No one is so holy he has not constant need to "keep his heart with all diligence," and where such "watch and ward" is utterly neglected, no wonder the Spirit of God soon departs.

Clara was becoming more thoughtful and studious. Various philosophical works which her husband admired, and which he often read and discussed with her, were becoming favorite volumes. There was something grand in the old philosopher's views of life and its little ills and joys. There was something wonderful in their curious speculations respecting the mys-

teries of the world beyond. Her husband delighted in leading her mind through all their fantastic windings as they groped for the truth so clearly revealed to us. He praised his little wife for her appreciation of such intellectual food, and rejoiced that he had been so successful in winning the affection of a truly intellectual woman. Her self-love was gratified, and her diligence in diving deeper into his favorite works daily increased. She felt that she breathed a higher atmosphere than the throng around, yet her lovely, pleasing manners made her ever a favorite even among those who envied her superior talents.

The rain was dashing against the closed shutters one November night as an anxious group gathered in Mrs. Allen's chamber. They were standing on either side of a beautiful rose-wood crib, whose hangings of azure gauze were closely drawn aside. There lay a little form tossing and restless, that fearful fever which yearly reaps its harvest of Spring blossoms drinking up the blood in his sweet young veins. The little face and throat seemed scarlet as they rested on the snowy pillow, and the little hand moved restlessly to and fro, as if vainly striving to cool the burning heat. It was the mother's hand that tirelessly bathed the scarlet brow and burning limbs. Servants were constantly in waiting, but no hand but her husband's was allowed to take her place.

"Do you think there is hope, doctor?" was the question she longed to ask, but could not frame it into words. It came at length from her husband's lips. The answer was only a straw to grasp at.

"He is in a very critical state, indeed. If I had been at home when he was first taken I think the fever would not have reached such a height. But every thing almost depends on first steps. We must do what we can now to make up for lost hours."

But all that the best medical skill could do proved useless. The little sufferer lingered through the long night watch, and when the morning dawned seemed once more to know them all. "My mamma," was the first word which fell from his lips, sending a thrill of joy to all their hearts. It was bliss to see the smile of recognition light once more those sweet blue eyes, and the parents grasped each other's hand in silent joy. The old physician alone looked grave and sorrowful. The little light was fast fading out, and this was its dying flicker.

"Mamma, please take Bertie," said the little one, holding up the dimpled hands. Very ten-

derly was he lifted up and laid in her bosom. The golden sunlight was just beginning to fill the room with its glory, but the twilight of eternity was fast closing about him.

"Good-night, papa, it's 'most dark now; Bertie is going to sleep."

His mother's tearful face bent over him, and as the strange hand of Death was laid upon his heart-strings he clasped her closely about the neck, as if she were a refuge from every danger. And then the little pulse beat with a feebler stroke, the eyelids drooped as if heavy with slumber, a short, quick sob or two broke from his bosom, and then a bright company of "shining ones" stooped down and bore him on arms of love "the nearest way to the Celestial gate." A tenderer bosom than even his mother's was to be his resting-place forever more.

They took the little one gently from her arms and laid him on his couch again. Her husband could not even strive to comfort her. He saw the joy and pride of his existence, the heir of his name and fortune, around whom so many fair hopes clustered, "taken away by a stroke," and his soul seemed crushed within him. He bowed his head upon his hands, and, regardless of other eyes, the proud man groaned, and sobbed, and wept as never in his life he had done before. Both were too deeply stricken to utter words of comfort. Clara felt her bleeding heart torn from her bosom. Yet no tears came to her relief. Her brain seemed bursting with the pressure upon it. Where was the sustaining power of boasted philosophy in this hour of darkness?

Ah, when the afflictions of life come home to "the bone and marrow of our own households" they are far different to us from those which concern only our neighbors. It is an easy thing to look on pleasure philosophically, or even the afflictions of others, but when our turn to suffer comes we shall feel our need of a strong staff to lean upon, a sure support that can keep us in perfect peace, even in the furnace. Clara had sought to pray when the agony of fear was upon her, but God seemed too far away to listen.

"I can not give him up, my husband!" was the agonized cry of the mother as they stood for the last time by his side before he was to be taken forever from their chamber. His dark locks mingled with her auburn hair, but there was no answer, except a closer pressure of that slender form to his bosom. "I can not give him up," was the despairing language of both their hearts. There can be no true resignation where a loving Father's hand is not recognized in the affliction; where this poor world is al-

lowed to bound the spirit's vision. But at last the precious dust was borne away to be seen no more by mortal eye till the resurrection morning.

Time, the great healer, wore away the sharpness of the first bereavement, but Clara could never again delight in her former pursuits. How like very dust and ashes seemed the food she had been seeking to nourish her soul upon! A softened melancholy rested upon her heart, and she loved to wander about her house looking at the relics of her lost one. The little wardrobe was often opened, and she loved to lay out one by one the delicate cambric robes he had worn in infancy, to hold on her hand the tiny silken cap with its soft blue tassels, and through his cast-off clothing to trace the development of her beautiful boy from his cradle down to his last resting-place. How full of history that little three years' span seemed to her a mother's tongue alone can tell.

Day by day the roses faded from her cheek, and her step grew lighter on the stair, and every added day made the loving heart that cherished her now as its only remaining treasure grow more anxious and fearful. The physician insisted on traveling and change of scene. It was tried for a time, but, though she was ever patient and gentle, it was plain that a feeling of restlessness followed her every-where, and she pined for the rest and quiet of her own dear home again.

"How glad I am to get back!" she said as they entered their own dwelling after a four months' absence. There was more of joy in her manner than she had known for many a long day. "Now we will settle down quietly here and have no more rambling. Home is the sweetest spot, after all."

"Yet it is well worth the trouble of journeying, Clara, to have you glad to get home—to see a little of the old light in your eyes and ever so faint a flush on your pale cheeks, my precious, drooping flower."

When Spring made glad again the earth a little daughter rested her fair head upon her bosom, and a new fount of joy and blessedness was opened in her soul. But even the sweet infoldings of those tiny hands could not detain her. She rapidly declined as the Summer wore away, and at length even she was startled at the shadowy form and face her mirror revealed to her. Must she die so young, when life was just beginning to bud with joy? O, how eagerly she begged the physician to save her! She would do any thing, make any sacrifice, only she must not die. And then as she thought of the future, of the long, long eternity before her, dark horror settled over her soul. Her long-neg-

lected Bible was once more sought for, and she read with all the desperate eagerness of a drowning man, who catches at every chance of safety. It was her mother's Bible, and all along the margin were delicate pencil tracings, pointing to many precious passages. How eagerly she read them over! and when she was too weary herself she gave the book into her husband's hand. Still he could give her no advice in her spiritual distress, and looked upon it with compassion as the result of her disease. He gave her the tenderest worldly consolation, but it brought no peace to her anxious soul. Was there no one to offer a word of true counsel? From a very humble source came the advice she so much needed. The kind nurse, Margaret, whom little Bertie had loved next to his parents, was an earnest, humble Christian. It was from her lips he had learned to lisp his morning and evening prayer, and her low, gentle voice that told him over and over the sweet story he never tired of hearing—the story of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Plainly and simply she pointed Clara's mind to the Lamb of God as the only Savior, praying hourly in her heart that God would bring home the truth with power to her heart.

At length a little light broke in upon her mind. "It may be he will receive even such a wandering sheep as I," she said. "O, I will cast myself upon his mercy only, for I can do nothing to make myself better!"

The thin hands were folded over the little Bible, and the eyes closed wearily. But a faint motion of the lips told of the silent prayer her heart was offering. Suddenly arousing herself she said, "You will be faithful to my poor little snow-drop, Margaret. I want you always to stay with her if you can while you both live. I want you to tell her what a precious Savior Jesus is as soon as she can understand your words. You will see, Archie, that Margaret always stays by little Alice whoever else has charge of her."

The voice which gave the promise was low and broken as her husband rose to support her to her couch. But as he laid her gently down there was a hollow rattle in her throat; she struggled once to rise, and then the crimson tide flowed forth from her lips, dying the snowy robe folded above her bosom, and with that current ebbed away her gentle life.

A few months later and Mr. Allen became a wanderer in many lands. His little daughter was intrusted to the care of his sister, a kindly woman in her way, but one whose time and attention was mostly engrossed by the world of fashion. As the little Alice grew in years she

was trained in all the frivolities of fashionable life. Margaret was faithful to the dying trust committed to her hand, and the warm-hearted girl repaid with true affection her devoted kindness. But she could not bring herself to admit the necessity of "good nursy's" anxiety about her future welfare. Now, while she was well and strong she must enjoy the world, and when she was older or grew ill she would think about religion. Her precious mother was her ideal. She was never so proud and happy as when she was told her face or manners resembled hers.

"My mother was the life of the circle in which she moved. She enjoyed the gayeties of life, and yet you know, nursy, that when she was sick she gave her heart to God and he received her."

O, what a blessing to a child is the memory of a consistent Christian mother! The good influence which Margaret might have exerted upon the young girl's mind was counteracted by the remembrance of her mother's worldly life. She grew up fair and graceful, the pride of her father and his friends, with every earthly luxury about her, but with a heart afar from God, a stranger to the love of Jesus; no prospect beyond this little hour of time but of a dark eternity. Think you that mother with the light of the eternal world resting upon her soul would not have preferred the lowliest earthly lot for her cherished one if there she might have learned to love the Savior? The worldly distinctions we think so much of here will appear very different to us in eternity.

Do you ever sigh and disquiet your heart, Christian pilgrim, because God has not given you wealth and worldly ease? Remember the words of One who never gave a needless caution nor spoke an untruthful word—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

It is a dangerous step indeed for a young heart to form a life-long union with one who is a stranger to its hopes of heaven. "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers," is a command which may not be lightly broken. Where all of this world, and very probably the world to come, are at stake the cost should be well counted. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Even the most devoted affection the world can bestow will be no substitute for God's loving favor. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

SINCE men generally act from impulse more than from principle, they are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

## FAITH AND HEROISM.

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

**F**AITH is the great source from which men derive the ability to perform noble acts. Without it they are weaker than bruised reeds, while with it they pass through earth with tremendous power. Correct views of the character of God, and of the relations that he holds toward him, can not fail to nerve him who possesses them for the conflicts of life. But how shall such views of the Sovereign of the universe be obtained? If we trust to the discoveries that unassisted reason can make in regard to this subject, we shall soon have an experimental knowledge of the fact, that man by searching can not find out God. How shall we know whether there is one God or a million? And even if we had discovered his unity, would reason ever teach us whether he loves or hates our race? But while reason fails here, faith answers these questions clearly and distinctly. She proclaims the unity of God. She makes manifest his love to man, by leading us to the cross, and there teaching us that God so loved us as to give his Son to die for us.

And are not such revelations calculated to fit him to whom they are made for the performance of great deeds? Shall he fear any creature who has the Creator for his friend and protector? It has been eloquently said, that "God and one man always make a majority." Most of the master minds of past ages derived much of their power from the idea which they entertained of their being urged forward by God. Attila called himself the Scourge of God, and his followers believed that he had received his sword directly from Heaven. Had not Cromwell believed that he and his soldiers were fighting under the special direction of God, it is likely that they would not have been victors at Naseby and Dunbar. They moved forward to the conflict at the last of these battles singing, "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered." But the battle field is not the only place where heroes have been found. There was more true heroism in the life of Wilberforce than in that of Wellington. Reformers have generally thought themselves commissioned by Heaven to perform the work in which they have been engaged. Would Luther ever have stood unmoved before the Diet of Worms, if he had not felt that God called him to stand there? It was his unshaken confidence in the protection of God that sustained him in all his attacks upon error. And did not Wesley draw his strength from the same source? He never wavered in his convictions

that God had called him to the performance of a great work; and had the doctrine of a special Providence been struck from his creed, he would have been robbed of his power. He would never have ventured among the colliers of Kingswood, had he not fully believed that God watched over his interests.

Faith nourishes heroism by unvailing to us man's immortality and his destiny beyond the grave. Whether we know ourselves to be immortal or look upon the tomb as the termination of our existence, has much to do with our conduct in this life. And if we are immortal, the character we ascribe to our future state of existence can not fail to influence our present actions. But where shall we find a solution of these problems? Reason can not cast light upon them, but faith illuminates the tomb. She bids us listen to Christ as he says, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." The wisest of the philosophers of old Greece, when condemned to drink the hemlock on account of his virtues, concluded his plea before his judges with these words: "And now, O judges, ye are going hence to live, and I am going hence to die; which of these is best the gods know; but I suppose no man does." This is the farthest that reason ever carried any man; but how different is it from the language of the apostle to the Gentiles! He could say, "I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

Where this knowledge of immortality is wanting, man sinks under the sorrows of life. It is not strange that the death of his daughter caused Cicero to curse the gods. To him faith did not illuminate the tomb, and all his philosophy could not answer the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" How different would have been his feelings at that hour had he possessed Christian faith! She would have bid him read God's dealings with him in the light that the immortality of the soul shed upon them. She would not have enabled him to apprehend the divine government, but she would have written upon the darkest cloud that gathered over his path, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Can a person possess such views of his future destiny without being converted into a hero? Even when perverted, the doctrine of immortality has often exerted a powerful influence over those who have embraced it. Mohammedism never would have spread as rapidly as it did, had not its founder promised an immortality of sensual indulgence to those who died fighting in his

cause. But if we would behold its strongest and purest influence we must look to the lives of those who have possessed saving faith. Had St. Paul believed that the grave is man's final resting-place, his life would have been different from what it was. He would not, as he looked back upon his past conflicts, and then thought of the trials that awaited him in the future, have exclaimed, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify of the Gospel of the grace of God." Judson and his noble wives would never have torn themselves from the homes and friends of their youth, if they had not believed in the immortality of the soul. They would have thought it folly to spend their lives in efforts to evangelize Burmah. Nothing but the hope of a blissful immortality could have sustained him and his second wife, when undergoing the sufferings that they endured at Ava and Orongpen-la. Is not the same hope now nursing the thousands of missionaries who are laboring in heathen lands? Go and convince every missionary in the world that "death is an eternal sleep," and nine-tenths of the missionary posts in heathenism would be speedily deserted.

If what has been written be true, it will go far to explain the fact that atheism has numbered among its votaries so few heroes. A thousand fears are likely to seize the mind the moment it denies the existence of a God. What assurance has the atheist that all nature will not conspire against him? Then he is surrounded by men who are ready to sacrifice his happiness whenever it stands in the way of the accomplishment of his designs. Where shall he look for protection? He can not know what the Psalmist means when he cries out, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." And while he cowers before the dangers that surround him, he has no motive for sacrificing the present gratification of his passions and appetites for the attainment of some noble object at some future time. If his creed be true, he may at any moment cease to exist. As might be expected, the history of atheism affords but few instances of heroism. Atheists never found in their ranks a Napoleon or a Washington, or such moral heroes as Howard and Clarkson.

EVERY increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power, and its value depends on its application.

### THE DREAD FOREVER.

BY MRS. ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

God breathes the breath of life into the clay,  
And binds the soul to earth till death shall sever,  
Then will the dust drop from its wings away  
And leave the spirit joy or pain forever;  
And yet we idle on the shores of time,  
Where death's dark angels evermore are flying;  
Lift up, O Christian souls, the voice sublime,  
And sound in thunders o'er the nations dying  
The dread forever.

Few are the workers, broad the harvest fields,  
And idle reapers on soft couches dreaming.  
O, bard, arouse them! say the vineyard yields  
But this for God—while Satan's press is teeming,  
And ask the faithless shepherd for the sheep  
That God hath given to his earthly keeping,  
That he might lead them up the stony steep;  
O thunder in his ear with zeal unsleeping  
The dread forever.

Strong was the faith that He, the crucified,  
Left to the earth when he to heaven ascended;  
Pure was the spirit that should be the guide  
Of his loved Church, till time and earth were ended;  
Strong faith, pure spirit, ye that yet remain  
Exhorting human hearts 'mid earthly pleasures,  
Light the fervent fires of sacrifice again,  
Lest earth forget, amid her fleeting treasures,  
The dread forever.

Arise, arise, priests of the Lord, and wake  
The theme of judgment till the slothful quiver.  
Hark! on the air eternal murmurs break,  
And life is shrouded with the dread forever.  
How can we idle on the shores of time,  
Where Death's dark angels evermore are flying!  
Lift up, O Christian souls, the voice sublime,  
And sound in thunders o'er the nations dying  
The dread forever.

### TO MY FRIEND.

BY MRS. MARION A. BIGELOW.

WHEN my soul shall soar away  
To the realms of endless day,  
Basking in the Savior's smile,  
Will it think of earth the while?

Ah! the ties which here we form—  
Ties which live through many a storm,  
Can not wither when we die;  
I shall love thee in the sky,

And, methinks, shall love to come  
Often from my spirit home,  
With sweet promises to cheer  
Thy forsaken pathway here.

If thou first shouldst reach the goal,  
Come to my beclouded soul;  
Come and wipe my tearful eye;  
Come and lead me to the sky.

THE THREEFOLD SONSHIP OF CHRIST  
TYPICAL OF THE BELIEVER'S LIFE.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a threefold sense in which Christ is said in the Scriptures to be the Son of God, and in each one of them we are deeply interested, each being the type and the source of distinct Gospel blessings to the believer. In the first place Christ Jesus, in some mysterious yet real sense, sustained in heaven and from all eternity the actual relation of Son to the Father—"the only begotten of the Father;" for the Son is not represented as being created at the time of the advent, but "the Father sent the Son"—already existing—"to be the Savior of the world." The Son also was the partaker of the Father's glory "before the world was." Then, again, in his incarnation the title of Son is gained in a new and actual sense. For, said the angel to Mary, "the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing that shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God." In this act Christ not only became the Son of God in a new sense, but also the son of an earthly parent—thus allying him to the human race, as he was before allied to God. Again: by his resurrection from the dead Christ Jesus acquired a third title to the divine Sonship. The words of the Psalmist—"thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee"—quoted by the apostle Paul as relating to Christ's resurrection from the dead, show that in a new and expressive sense he became by that resurrection the Son of God.

In each of these three forms is the believer's life typified. The first is the Divine model after which we are made "partakers of the Divine nature." Thus our Savior speaks of the oneness between him and the Father, and of the glory which he had before the world was; then he prays for those which shall believe on his name, "that they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us"—"one even as we are one." How unspeakably glorious is the believer's relationship to God, as here typified in, or, rather, modeled after the relationship of Christ to the Father! Did the Son repose in the bosom of the Father from all eternity? He would now make us partakers of the same unspeakable glory! Here is shadowed forth to our faith what is implied in being *heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ*.

The second was Christ's Sonship by his incar-

nation. The believer's life is not only connected with this, but dependent upon it. In his Divine nature Christ was connected with the Father from all eternity; but in his incarnation he entered into filial relations with man—became his brother. He shared not only our *state*, but also our essence—our nature. Thus is he the connecting link between God and our humanity. For, "forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same." Thus Christ is not only the type of our filial relation to God, but he is also the source, and the only source, through which that relation can be formed. Through this channel the divine graces are poured down into the human heart, and it becomes the temple of the living God. As he has become a partaker of the human nature, so we through him become partakers of the Divine. Thus is Christ not only the type, but he is the cause, the source, and the principle of the believer's relation to God.

Then, too, Christ will sustain this relation forever. To him has been given an unchanging priesthood. And that he may retain this priesthood he will never lay aside his humanity. As he ever has been and ever will be the eternal Son of God, so will he ever remain the eternal son of man. Never will he part with that glorified humanity which he bore away from earth, and with which he entered the portal of the skies. Were he to relinquish his humanity we should lose our Savior. There would be no longer an Intercessor, a Daysman between God and us. All the hope of eternal life, then, is suspended upon the incarnate God. His glorified body is the first fruit of redemption, and it will remain the model and the life of all the rest. With unceasing rapture shall the ransomed of Zion behold the divine Model! And as they gaze upon it, and wonder, and adore through all the long ages of eternity, will they become more and more like the Divine original.

This brings us to the third form in which the Scriptures speak of the Sonship of Christ—his Sonship by the resurrection. In this form the believer has also a deep and abiding interest. There is in it prefigured for him also a glorious sonship by the resurrection from the dead. When Christ came forth from the grave, and because he came forth, it was said to him, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." So believers are also called "the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." And St. Paul speaks of the resurrection itself as being "a manifestation of the sons of God." It is an unavailing and a public recognition, before all worlds and all creatures, of their sonship. Both

\* Butler's "Mystery of the Holy Incarnation."

are wrought by the same spirit. "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." The regeneration of the soul and the resurrection of the body are the work of the same Divine energy; and the former is at once the pledge and the precursor of the latter. The one is adoption here, the other is the consummation of that adoption in glory.

Then, too, the resurrection of Christ is at once the pledge and the cause of the believer's. In his resurrection you behold the demonstration of his mysterious yet invincible power over death. As a man he was truly dead; but as a God he was inextinguishably alive; and the divine within him had power to bring back the mortal to life, and to clothe it with immortality. He rose, quickened not by a power from without, but by a power within. Surely, then, he hath power to "quicken whom he will." "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" Is it because of its mystery? The resurrection of the dust of a thousand generations, wonderful as it may be, is not so mysterious or wonderful as the attested fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ himself from the dead. . . . Is it because you see not the element of power which is to bring back the dead to life? Have we not the pledge that "He that raised up Jesus shall raise us up also by Jesus?" Thanks be to God, "Christ hath abolished death," and by him "came the resurrection of the dead." Thus are we "begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." "I am the resurrection and the life," saith our risen Lord; and then he gives to us the abiding pledge, "As I live ye shall live also"—implying not that any man, however righteous, shall be exempt from death, but presenting his own life as the pledge and surety of the Christian's resurrection from the dead. His victory over death, then, is not a solitary victory. He conquered death not for himself, but for us, "that we might not perish but have everlasting life." But upon a broader, grander scale shall he repeat that miracle yet once more. Christian, forget not that Death himself shall ere long die. He who holds in his hands the keys of death and hell, shall knock at the door of the grave and demand back his ransomed dead. For "if Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

Then, again, in the resurrection of Christ we have also the type and pattern of our own. "We shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." We shall be "fashioned like unto his glo-

rious body." Thanks be unto God, whatever of transcendent brightness and glory there was in the risen body of our adorable Lord, the same shall mark and distinguish that of the believer. "We shall be like him." He is "the first fruits." But the fruit of the ripening harvest to come after, is borne upon the branches of the same Tree of Life, and is of the same kind. We shall come forth from the grave, not as we entered its dark portals. The pale countenance marbled in death, the form emaciated and wasted by disease, the furrowed and ghastly features of age, the crippled and mangled victim of war will be seen no more. "This mortal shall put on immortality." The resurrection body shall be fashioned after the pattern of that glorious body, which the Lord Jesus brought with him from the dead, and with which he ascended into heaven itself. One star may differ from another star in glory, and each star in itself may fall infinitely below the great sun in the heavens. But even the smallest star that twinkles in the remotest boundaries of the universe of God, partakes of the same nature and shines in the same light.

Finally, the resurrection of Christ was to an undying life—"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, *I am alive for evermore.*" This eternal life of Christ in heaven is the sure warrant of eternal life to the believer. For "we are saved by his *life*." The destruction of *sin* is the overthrow of death. Naturalists have ever been struck with the fact, that in all the infinite variety of organized life upon the earth, there is not a single instance to be found where the production of pain or misery was the original purpose. Hence, in our unfallen state, when the Almighty Creator pronounced all the work of his hands "good," "*life*" and *happiness* were synonymous terms. Hence the Scriptures so often use the word "*life*" as expressing felicity, and "*eternal life*" as implying eternal felicity. So shall it be *once more* and *forever*. Around the Sun of Righteousness in the celestial world shall be clustered every orb of righteousness, to be illuminated by his beams and irradiated by his heat—a light and a heat inexhaustible—and which quickens into life all it touches.

Thus we see how it is that in Christ the believer has everlasting life. In every stage and form of our life, except its sinfulness, he has shared and thus paved our way to immortality. He was born as we are born, and thus became brother to our clay; he died as we must die, lay down in the cold grave, entered the region of disembodied souls, and thus

"The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And soften'd every bed."

And then, again, as our Forerunner, he hath entered into heaven itself to appear in the presence of God for us. Thanks be to God for such a blessed pledge of immortality! In his darkest night of gloom and sorrow the believer may still discern the footprints of the Great Deliverer in his path. In life he calls us to share with him the burden and the dishonor of the Cross; in death he calls us to be the partners of his tomb; and in heaven he invites us to share with him the glory of his eternal throne.

And then, too, in our immortal state shall be realized the fulfillment of that divine petition, in which even *we* were not forgotten by our blessed Lord—"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, *be with me where I am*, that they may behold my glory," and "*that they may be one even as we are one.*"

---

### FIRST LOVE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

MISS WINIFRED LEE was an important personage in the little town of Rodney. I never went to see a sick playmate, or a playmate's little baby sister, without finding Aunt Winnie near the bedside; and I can recall no instance of sickness in my father's family, when she was not present. She was an old maid, it is true, but she was too old to be ashamed of it, and rather seemed to pride herself in the universal appellation of Aunt Winnie. Rumor said she had refused several splendid offers, merely because she wished to live single. I have heard my grandfather say she was a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl when he moved to Rodney, and the best singer he ever heard. At the time my story commences she still maintained her place in the choir, at the head of the treble, and I remember how clearly her voice rang out, high above all the rest, though she was then perhaps fifty years old.

In a little brown cottage, at the foot of the hill, on the main road, lived old Reuben Strong, a Revolutionary soldier. He had lost both his hands in the battle of Bunker Hill, was nearly blind, and very "hard of hearing," but he was a cheerful old man, living in the past, and would sit for hours whispering his thoughts, laughing or weeping as the subject required. My mother often sent me with some delicacy which she had prepared for the old people, and while grandma Strong was bustling about—she was the second wife, and ten years younger than her husband—I would sit upon the little stool in the corner and try to hear what grandpa was whispering.

On one of these occasions I found Aunt Winnie chatting with both the old people together, while grandma Strong sat busily knitting in her little, low rocking-chair.

"Yes, Jacob was always good to me. I soted a good deal by Jacob," said the old lady, wiping her spectacles. "I should like to know how he died; whether he was killed or no. I hope he was prepared."

"You know Mr. Brown says his brother-in-law down in Lubec saw a man who said it was his brother that was killed in the tavern that time, and if it was, it was n't Jacob," said Aunt Winnie in her comforting way.

"I know it. We've heard a good many stories, and I don't expect to know the truth on 't till the judgment-day."

"There'll be a good many secrets revealed then," said Aunt Winnie with a sigh.

I had often heard the name of Jacob Strong mentioned, but this conversation awakened my curiosity to know more of him. So the next time Aunt Winnie came to our house and brought her work, I took my knitting—Aunt Winnie never would tell me a story unless I would work while she was telling it—and sitting down by her side, begged she would tell me all she knew about Jacob Strong.

"You have the most curiosity, Maggie, of any child I know of. You never hear a word said but you want to know all about it."

Yet notwithstanding Aunt Winnie invariably reproved my inquisitiveness, she was evidently glad of an opportunity to talk of old times, and I had not long to wait before she began.

"I have known Jacob Strong ever since my remembrance. He was a young man almost when I was a little girl. He was one of the oldest children. Mr. Strong had nine children by his first wife."

"Why, is n't grandma Strong his mother?"

"O no, child. His mother died before I can remember. She's only his step-mother. But the children were all young when she was married, and I always thought she humored 'em more than she did her own."

"Jacob was an excellent singer—an excellent singer he was. I remember when he used to come to our house nearly every night in the week, to try to teach me to sing. How pleased I used to be when he praised my voice! He was a handsome young man, too—had bright, black eyes. The young folks never could have a party without Jacob. They would n't think they had a good time if he was n't there. I remember when they had a party at Mr. Hushkin's, the girls invited Jacob the first one, and told him they wanted to have a 'sing' in the

evening. He told them he would come on one condition, and that was that they'd let him invite his girl. They told him he might bring whom he was a mind to. So the next day he came over to our house and asked me to go with him. I told him I had no invitation—never thought of going. I was only fourteen years old; did n't expect to be invited to parties, because I was nothing but a little girl. But he insisted upon my going with him, and finally mother said I might go if I wanted to. So we went to the party, and I never shall forget it. I thought I never had such a good time in my life. 'T was n't long after that, that Jacob began to wait on Betsey Hillman. 'Squire Hillman was called the richest man in Rodney in those days. And Betsey was an excellent girl. I suppose there never was two persons that loved each other more than she and Jacob did; but as soon as the 'Squire found out they were engaged, then he and Mrs. Hillman set in against it and would n't let her marry him. And so Jacob went off down East, and was gone two or three years. And he married a girl down there by the name of Kate Wilson. She was a great deal handsomer than Betsey Hillman, but, la! she was n't worth a rye-straw for a housekeeper. She'd always been brought up to be a lady and be waited on, and she did n't know how to do any thing scarcely. And she thought she was sick all the time, but it was nothing in the world but laziness. She lived here in Rodney about four years, and she had two pretty boys as I ever laid my eyes on. I staid with her seven weeks when George was a baby, and I thought if any woman ought to be happy she ought; for Jacob would wait upon her, and do any thing in the world for her, and was just as kind and pleasant as could be; and if she found fault with him he never'd say a word in return, but 't was always 'Katy, dear,' when he spoke to her. Well, her folks took a notion to move to New Brunswick, and nothing would do but she must go, too. So they sold off what little they had, and started for Madawaska. They wrote back after they got there, and I suppose they wrote once or twice a year, for three or four years; but now it's been about twenty years since Mr. Strong has heard any thing from them. I expect they're all dead, or we should hear from them some way. We heard once about a man that was murdered in a tavern, where he stopped for the night; and most every body thought, from the description of him, that it was Jacob. Then we heard that several families in one neighborhood all died with a fever they have there. And then, when we heard about the great fire in Miramachi, we

did n't know but he might have been in that, and got killed somehow. But I suppose he's dead, and that's all we shall know about it. It seems as though old Mr. Strong would outlive all his children. He'll be ninety, if he lives till next Christmas."

I was much interested in Aunt Winnie's narration, and spent many an hour in meditating upon his unfavored love, his probable murder in that lonely, wayside inn, and the possibility of his being yet alive. And then I would imagine myself a woman grown, married, and traveling with my husband through New Brunswick, and we would call at a large, two-story house, and learn that the man who lived there was Jacob Strong. He would be pleased to hear I was from Maine, and would ask if I had ever been in Rodney. And then I would tell him I had always lived there, and knew all his relatives; and then, before the day-dream ended, perhaps I would be visiting Queen Victoria, or some other dignitary.

But my fancies were not stranger than the reality. Not many months after, Jacob Strong actually came to Rodney. It was a bright, moonlight night in February, when an old man knocked at the door of Reuben Strong. Phoebe Benson, the woman who lived with the old people and did their housework, went to the door and looked with surprise on the stranger who modestly asked accommodations for the night. She told him there were only two old people and herself in the house, and they never kept strangers; but she would ask grandma Strong. The old lady came to the door and repeated what Miss Phoebe had said, but the man showed no inclination to leave. In reply to her excuses for not keeping him, he looked her steadily in the face and said, "But you would not turn away a stranger, would you, madam? What if it should be your own son?"

The old woman scanned him closely and murmured irresolutely, "I have no son, but"—

"I am your son, Jacob Strong. O, my mother!"

"Lord have mercy on us! Father, father, here is Jacob come to life again, or else it's a spirit."

"Jacob come to life again!" said the old man feebly, "how you talk, mother! Do let me get hold of him! I knew it; I never believed he was dead; I always thought I should see him again before I died."

Poor Reuben Strong was past seeing any thing with his bodily eyes, but the consciousness that Jacob was there was satisfaction enough for him. Phoebe ran to inform the minister and some of the nearest neighbors, and the house was thronged with congratulating friends till near midnight.

The news did not reach our family till breakfast-time next morning. I was impatient as any one to see Jacob Strong, and immediately after breakfast our whole family went to greet him. Aunt Winnie was there before us, but how unlike the ideal she had pictured for me was the little, old man with round shoulders and a brogue like an Irishman! "Jacob has changed a great deal," said Aunt Winnie, noticing my disappointed look, "his voice do n't sound natural."

"Yes," said uncle Jacob—for we must now call him uncle—"thirty years have made a great change in all of us. I had not the least expectation of finding father and mother alive; but I did expect to see Lucy, and William, and Maria, and they're gone. It seems Death has taken the youngest out of the family and left the oldest."

"Yes," said grandma Strong, drawing a deep sigh, "they're 'most all gone now, and I expect our turn 'll come soon. It's a great thing to be prepared to die."

And now new detachments arrived from the more distant parts of the neighborhood, old men and old women who had known him in boyhood; for to see Jacob come back to life was almost as good as a ghost. Again and again uncle Jacob began the story of his wanderings, till I grew thoroughly indignant at the interruption of newcomers. He had parted from his first wife and married another, whom he had left with their four children in the town of St. Francis. They had long been talking of moving to the States, and he had finally come to see if any of his friends were alive.

"And now, neighbors, I suppose you all want to know why I left my wife. It's very natural you should, and I'm willing to tell it. You know when we went to New Brunswick, Mr. Wilson, my wife's father, and I went together. We stopped in the city of St. Johns at first. Mr. Wilson had some money and he soon got into business. I lived in the house with him about two months, and then I hired a little cottage out in the suburbs. Well, he took a great fancy to my two little boys, and thought if he could only have them he'd be satisfied. And he kept talking to me about it day after day, and finally I told him one day, says I, 'Mr. Wilson, it's no use to say any more about it; I can't give my boys to any man.' Well, then, he and the old woman got at my wife, and they made her think they could do a great deal better by the boys than I could. So she began to tease me to let her father have the boys. Says I, 'Katy, it's no use for you to ask me to give away my children. I'm not a goin' to do it.' Well, that seemed to settle the matter, and I heard no more about it. Not long after that we moved down to the Mada-

waska settlement, and I built a log-house for my family, so as to make them comfortable, and then I hired out to work in the woods with some French lumbermen. Their camp was eight miles off, and I used to come home generally about twice a month. Mr. Hill's family lived next to us. We'd built our houses close together with only one partition of logs between, and I'd got him to look after my family a little, if they wanted any thing when I was away. I remember very well the last time I saw my little family together. I came home Saturday night as usual. Well, every thing seemed as pleasant as could be. I recollect Katy had apple dumplings for dinner Sunday, and I told her I believed they were the best she ever made in her life. Well, after dinner I took down my Bible, the one my mother left for me, and read aloud several chapters. Along in the afternoon it began to snow, and when I got up Monday morning I thought we were completely blocked in. Well, I built a fire, put on the tea-kettle, washed the potatoes, and got them on to boil before she got up. Then I shoveled a path to the spring and a path to the cow-house, and milked the cow, and by that time Katy had breakfast ready. We ate our breakfast and then I packed up and started for the woods; but when I got to the door I turned 'round, and says I, 'Katy, sha' n't I bring you a couple buckets of water before I go?' Says she, 'I do n't care if you do.' So I threw down my pack and brought her a couple buckets of water; and then I remember I kissed both the children again, and says I, 'Good morning, Katy; take care of yourself.' Well, it was three weeks before I went home again. I remember 't was just about dusk when I came in sight of the house. I could see a light in Mr. Hill's part, but our side of the house was dark. I thought to myself, 'Katy do n't expect me to-night and she's in with Miss Hill, or else she's out of candles.' Well, I went up to the door and went in. 'T was as cold as an iceberg! Not a spark of fire on the hearth. I groped round and tried to find a candle, but could n't get hold of one, so I started into Mr. Hill's. I could see through the window that there was nobody there but Mr. Hill and his wife. I opened the door; I did n't stop to knock, and says I, 'For Heaven's sake what does this mean, do tell me?' They both looked at me as if they were frightened, and Miss Hill spoke up, and says she, 'Mr. Strong, I'll tell you all I know about it; but that an't much. 'T was a week ago last Wednesday that a man drove up to your door with a large double sled and a span of horses. About half an hour after I thought I heard a strange noise in your room, and thinks I, 'I'll go in at any rate and see

what it all means." So I went in, and there was this man packing up the things, and your wife was walking the floor, wringing her hands, and crying as if her heart would break. Says I, "Miss Strong, what is the matter?" Says she, "Do n't ask me any questions!" And so I turned and came back to my room, for 't was none of my business. About noon they started off, and I guess they took every thing with them of any account; for I went in after they 'd gone, and I thought the room looked pretty empty.' Miss Hill described the man to me so that I knew 't was my wife's father. Well, I asked Miss Hill if she 'd be so good as to lend me a candle, and I went back to my house; and it looked desolate enough, you may depend. But I built a fire, and presently Mr. Hill came in and asked me to go in to supper. I told him I did n't want any supper. He urged me a good while and then went back and got his wife, and she insisted that I should go in and drink a cup of tea; but I told her I should n't eat nor drink any thing that night. 'But,' says she, 'what have you made a fire here for? You 've no bed nor bedding. Come in and sleep with us at least. I 've a good spare bed, and you 're just as welcome to it as if you was my brother.' I told her no, I was very much obliged to her, but I was going to camp down there before the fire. I did n't sleep very much that night I assure you.

"Next morning I went into Mr. Hill's and got breakfast, and then I started back for the woods. I did not come back again till I had worked out my three months and got my pay. Then I thought I 'd try to find my wife and children. So I started and went afoot nearly all the way to St. Johns. I went right to Mr. Wilson's house, knocked at the door and asked if I could see my wife. He ordered me away; said I 'd no wife there, and told me never to come near his door again. I went away and said nothing, but I thought I must contrive some way to see Katy alone and find out whether she was willing to live with me; and if she was, I was determined to have her if there was any law in New Brunswick. But if she did n't want to live with me again, I thought I would n't make any fuss about it; she might stay and keep the children, if they 'd only let me come and see them once in a while. I thought I 'd wait till dark and then go 'round the back way—I knew the house well enough—and try to get into her room without any of 'em seeing me. So I went to a store and bought some clothing for the children, and some other little trinkets for 'em, and just about dark I started with my bundle. I was just turning the corner to go

into the back yard when somebody knocked me down, and the things I had for the children went I never knew where. I do n't know how long I laid there, but when I come to myself the patrol officer had got hold of me. It was some time before I could recollect myself enough to tell where I was, or who I was. Well, I went back to the Madawaska country and I lived single about three years. And then I heard Katy was married again. A man told me that come from St. Johns; he saw it in the paper. Well, not very long after I went to St. Francis, and there I married my present wife."

Uncle Jacob's stories were often tedious, yet I was always glad to see him coming, though many a time I lost my place in the class by staying to hear the conclusion of some of his adventures. There was one of his shorter tales which possessed unusual interest for me, and he told it in my hearing at least three times in one week.

"About sixteen years ago," said uncle Jacob, "soon after I married my second wife, I engaged to work in the woods again in the lumber business. Well, Christiana said if I 'd put up some kind of a hovel, just so she could live in it through the Winter, she 'd go with me and do my cooking and washing, and make it more comfortable for me than to camp with a set of Frenchmen. Well, you know I 'd lost one woman by going into the woods and leaving her alone, so I thought I 'd make sure of this one by taking her with me. We lived quite comfortably there in the woods; no neighbors, to be sure, within ten or fifteen miles; but we got along very well. I drove team that Winter; had six oxen to take care of; had to get up and feed them before daylight every morning. Well, one morning I went out to feed them the second time; 't was just beginning to grow light then: I did n't take a lantern. Well, I fed my oxen, and just as I 'd got started for the house I happened to look around, and there, not more than twenty yards from me, was the strangest creature I ever laid my eyes on. It was nearly twice as large as a New Foundland dog, and just as white as the snow itself. It was standing on its hind legs and watching me. I stood and looked at it awhile and then I thought I 'd go 'round the other way and look at it. I started to go, but when I started it started and walked along toward the spring. I began to feel a little afraid then and made my way into the cabin as quick as possible. I do n't know how it was that I did n't happen to speak; but I did n't say a word. Well, they tell me that must have been what they call an Indian devil; and they say if I 'd just spoken one word it

would have sprung upon me like a cat and killed me in a moment."

"Have you never seen or heard any thing from your two oldest boys?" said I at the close of one of these narratives.

"O, yes," said uncle Jacob; "I came by way of St. Johns on purpose to try to find them. I knew they would be men grown if they were alive, but my greatest fear was that their names had been changed. But the very day I reached the city I was walking along one of the streets, and passing a shoemaker's I looked up at the sign and read John W. Strong. I thought to myself, 'John Wilson Strong was the name I gave my oldest boy. Who knows but this may be he?' I looked down to my feet and saw that one of my boots needed tapping, so I walked into the shop and asked for Mr. Strong. The man called to him, and I hardly knew what to say when he came in, for I was sure 't was my son. I could see my father's looks in him. I told him my errand—I wanted my boot tapped—and while the man was doing it, I drew him into conversation. He told me he had lived in the city nearly all his life, but said he, 'I was born in the State of Maine.' Then I asked him about his parents. He said his mother was dead, and he did n't know whether his father was living or not; he had n't seen him since he was six years old; but said he, 'I believe I should know him! I remember, just as if it were yesterday, how he looked when he came back to kiss me and my little brother George, before he went away the last time.' Well, this completely broke me down. 'John,' says I, 'I'm your father!' He looked at me as much as five minutes without saying a word. I could see the tears coming in his eyes. 'Yes,' said he, 'I believe you are—but you've changed.' Well, as soon as we got so we could talk again, I asked him about his mother. He said she had been dead seven years. And said he, 'I always thought till that time that you ran off and left her. The day before she died she called me to her bedside and told me all about it, and told me if I ever saw you, to tell you how much she regretted yielding to her father's wishes. But she said she expected you would come for her, and she said if you had only done it she'd been glad enough to go back with you.' I asked him if she was married again. He told me she was, but said she led a very unhappy life. He told me George was in Quebec; doing well when he heard from him."

Uncle Jacob said he was going right back for his family, and coming to Rodney to spend the rest of his days. But his return was delayed week after week by the illness of his father.

Poor old Reuben Strong never sat up a day after Jacob's return. Early in April, when the snow was fast melting from the most concealed hollows, and the little May flowers were opening their perfumed petals to the breath of morning, the two oldest people in Rodney fell asleep. Grandma Strong died of apoplexy one Monday morning, and when the sun went down the old soldier had fought his last battle and was conquered.

About midsummer uncle Jacob brought his family to Rodney. We were all pleased with aunt Christie. She was tall and dignified, as unlike as possible her little crooked husband, who talked more like a foreigner than she did. She had a warm, kindly heart, and we found a peculiar charm in her quaint expressions. I said we all liked aunt Christie, but perhaps I ought to except Aunt Winnie. She never thought Kate Wilson fit for a wife for Jacob Strong—that she ran off and left him was "just as she expected," and now she was almost daily discovering some new defect in the second wife. But aunt Christie was not long a friend or foe to any body in Rodney. Only three Summers passed away before they laid her in the crowded graveyard.

Uncle Jacob had rented a small farm, and was "carrying it on" to the best of his poor ability. His son Joseph went to California; Lucy and Maria went to Lowell to the factory, and Hannah, the youngest, about twelve years old, became housekeeper for her father.

Time passed on, and many good-natured letters were received from the factory girls. They were boarding with a widow lady, Mrs. Rowe, who kept a small private boarding-house. She was just like a mother to them; the best woman they ever saw. Every letter brought some new encomium on the charming widow, and yet it is true she was a grandmother. At length they came out boldly and began to tease father to come on and see her, and marry her. Jacob Strong was thoroughly vexed at the girls' presumption in selecting a wife for him and even urging her upon him, and wrote in reply a request that they would not trouble him with their nonsense.

Early next Summer Lucy came home on a visit, and she was constantly talking to Hannah, in Jacob's hearing, about Mrs. Rowe. At length he condescended to ask some question about her, which Lucy was only too glad to answer, and concluded with, "I do wish you could see her, father, I know you would like her."

"Well, who was she? where did she come from?"

"Why, she says she used to live 'down east.' Her name was Betsey Hillman before she was married."

"Betsey Hillman! Betsey Hillman! Are you sure she said her name was Betsey Hillman? Why, she used to live here in Rodney. I know her."

Uncle Jacob sat down and smoked an hour without speaking. What he was thinking about nobody knew, but had Aunt Winnie been there she could surely have guessed. When Lucy went back to Lowell, her father went with her. He wanted to see how Maria was getting along. His paternal solicitude soon evaporated, for in consequence of his visit the girls lost their good boarding place, and Mrs. Rowe came back to Rodney the wife of Jacob Strong. Many were the jokes among the old people who remembered the early courtship, when they saw the bride of sixty. Even Aunt Winnie could find no fault, for she said she always believed that matches were made in heaven, and she knew Jacob used to love Betsey as he did the eyes in his head.

As for uncle Jacob, he was free to declare that though he had had two excellent women for wives, he never got the right one till now. And a great change was visible in him. He seemed to grow younger and sprightlier, and every body observed the neatness of his dress and the improvement in his manners. Joseph sent him some gold from California, his wife brought him quite a competency, and the rented farm was exchanged for a neat little cottage, which soon became one of the pleasantest homes in Rodney. Six happy years of wedded love glided away, and then uncle Jacob was gathered to his fathers.

Every body attended the funeral. The widow bowed her head in submission to the stroke, for she said their separation would not be long. The minister read words of comfort from the Holy Book, and a solemn silence reigned in the congregation while he exhorted the old and the young to be also ready.

In one corner sat Aunt Winnie, her face almost concealed by her large old-fashioned bonnet, the tears coursing down her furrowed cheeks. It was very common for Aunt Winnie to sigh and groan at a funeral, but we did not often see her weep. When she looked at the corpse she betrayed more emotion than the widow herself. And then first I learned why Aunt Winnie never married. She had learned to love the handsome young man who taught her to sing when a little girl, and her first love was never reciprocated.

—○○○—  
He who prorogues the honesty of to-day till to-morrow, will probably prorogue his to-morrows to eternity.

### THE PRAYER, THE TEAR, THE YOUNG MISSIONARIES.

BY AN INTERESTED SUBSCRIBER.

#### THREE MOTHERS PRAYING FOR THEIR CHILDREN.

IT was communion season in — church—not Methodist—in the city of Philadelphia. Three good women made a covenant with their Heavenly Father and among themselves, that every day at a stated hour they would retire to their closets and pray for that which pressed most heavily upon their hearts; namely, the salvation of their children. They were faithful; daily they were found in the secret chamber of prayer; weeks passed on; at length their prayers were answered, and at the next communion each one had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing one of their children united with the Church.

#### THE TEAR-DROP.

The tear-drop! how silently it speaks, and yet how eloquently! Its spring is far down in the heart, and welling up it will overflow and force its way to tell of struggling fears and fightings in the inmost nature. Ah! what tells so plainly of a wounded spirit as the crystal drops trickling from eyes that once were "laughing in their glee," now moist with sorrow; and as one chases the other in silent swiftness down the care-worn cheeks, they speak strongly, eloquently, what the lips would keep forever from the loved ones near.

#### BAD BOY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARIES.

W. B., of Brooklyn, was a bad boy—stubborn, disobedient, given to swearing, and so incorrigible and unmanageable that his mother could not control him. His father was a poor drunkard, and thus with bad example and precept his heart often tempted him to sin.

His mother applied to the 'squire, but he could do nothing with him; the mayor was applied to, but it availed nothing. At last two little girls belonging to the Lee Avenue Sabbath school, hearing of this bad boy, resolved to reclaim him if possible. So one morning they started out after him, to persuade him to come to Sunday school. These little missionaries had truly their hands full, but their hearts were as full of hope and joy, and love for the Sabbath school, and for the salvation of this poor boy. They succeeded in their endeavors. The next Sabbath he was present in the Sabbath school, and in a short time was as docile, obedient, and cleanly as any boy there; and he is grateful that any one ever felt interest enough in him to speak to him of salvation.

## LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

BY MRS. ANN M. ANDERSON.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

PROV. XXIII, 31, 32.

O SIRE! thy locks are frosted white,  
Thy limbs 'neath age are bending—  
Touch not thy lip, though foaming high,  
The draught the cup is lending;  
A bitter deep of poisoned dyes  
Lies where the red drops shine;  
Let it not stain life's Winter wane—  
Look not upon the wine.

Son, is thy brow with promise high;  
Is hope thy young cheek flushing;  
In bright perspective yet before  
Fame's harvest richly blushing?  
Shall youth's sweet glow to redness turn—  
Heaven's impress fair resign—  
The adder spring with venom'd sting?  
Look not upon the wine.

He who has proud Ambition's all  
Into thy keeping given;  
And she whose loving hopes of thee  
Take anchor but in heaven;  
Shall sorrow strew the silver hairs,  
Their fading temples line,  
Hope's cherished light go down in night?  
Look not upon the wine.

Thou who hast clasped the trembling hand,  
Beside the blushing altar,  
And sealed the truth but death can break—  
The love that should not falter;  
The lily and the roses, 'neath  
Time's withering suns, must pine;  
Let no gross flame the fair spoils claim—  
Look not upon the wine.

Man, God himself thy prototype,  
E'en now the lofty bearing,  
Is stricken with the drunkard's curse—  
The foul red brand is wearing.  
O by the love of one—a love  
That like a clinging vine,  
Though rude storms sweep, its clasp would keep—  
Look not upon the wine.

Once she was fair, but formed for love,  
Like lilies in a shower,  
The laughing cheek now droops with tears—  
Thus with thy cherished flowers!  
And little arms around thee thrown,  
As loving tendrils twine;  
Should the serpent's bite life's sweetness blight,  
O look not on the wine!

A voice not lost midst rushing jeers,  
Comes with its gentle pleading,  
"My child, O shun the maddening cup!"  
And art thou still unheeding?  
By Him who erst the spirit made  
Forever fair to shine,  
Go cleanse thy soul from the damning bowl—  
Look not upon the wine.

For e'en the heavens within His sight  
Are not of purest seeming;  
His angels are with folly charged,  
In their resplendent gleaming;  
Then how shall man, with breath impure,  
Impugn God's holy shrine?  
Heaven can not claim a drunkard's name—  
O look not on the wine!

## A HOPE OF HEAVEN.

BY LAVINIA CRECRAFT.

A HOPE of heaven illumines the path  
Bedewed with silent tears,  
And bids us look to Christ by faith,  
And on him cast our cares.

A hope of heaven, it cheers the soul,  
Oppressed with grief and care,  
And bids us live by God's control,  
And never more despair.

A hope of heaven, it soothes the mind,  
When earthly joys are fled,  
And tells that we may comfort find  
In Christ our living head.

A hope of heaven and endless rest,  
It fills the soul with love;  
It calms the tumult of the breast,  
And bids us look above.

A hope of heaven, O joyful thought!  
Oppressed no more with sin,  
The ransomed by the Savior bought  
Shall there his praises sing.

A hope of heaven, to join the throng  
Redeemed by saving grace;  
To shout the never-ending song,  
And see God's smiling face.

A hope of heaven, to dwell with Him  
Who all our sorrows bore,  
And there his endless praises sing,  
Where we shall part no more.

## ASLEEP IN THE SUNSHINE.

BY JENNIE L. EGGLESTON.

ASLEEP in the sunshine! O dear little child,  
What dreamings are they in thy bosom so mild?  
While the sunbeams play o'er thee, so light and so fair,  
They are chasing the shadows all out of thy hair.

Asleep in the sunshine! O innocent one,  
Do thy dreams take a hue from the light of the sun?  
Like the bow in the cloud are these brilliant hues given  
By the beams of the sun, to thy visions of heaven?

Asleep in the sunshine! nor sorrow nor care  
Throws a shade o'er thy brow in the sunlight so fair;  
But thoughtless of danger, thou liest at rest  
As calm as when pillowed on mother's soft breast.

Asleep in the sunshine! O may thy young heart  
From the light of religion and truth ne'er depart;  
But as trusting as now on the beautiful sod,  
Lie safely reposed on the bosom of God!

## GEORGE MÜLLER—A LIFE OF FAITH.

BY MARIA KING.

THIS is the name of a humble, unpretending individual, the history of whose life of faith and prayer can not fail to do good wherever known or read. Weak, half-hearted Christians are so often heard saying that there are no such Christians now as in the days of their fathers, that those who would maintain the honor of the Redeemer's cause can not be too grateful for such a noble witness of a life of unwavering trust and confidence in God as Müller's, to prove that God is the same unchangeable being yesterday, to-day, and forever. The fullness of the blessings which the Gospel promises are not more generally realized, because the conditions upon which they are bestowed are not met. Its power to remedy the ills of humanity has never been tested, except in individual cases: as a remedial agent against great national evils it has hardly been applied, never in such a manner that its power might be fully seen. Müller has carried out the principles and teachings of the Gospel as far as he has seen them, and with most blessed results. It is a cause for gratitude that an account of his life and labors has been published, while its truthfulness can be proved by actual observation and reliable testimony if at all doubted.

His home, and the center of his labors, is at Ashley Down, Bristol, England. Here he has founded and maintains a noble institution for the support and education of orphan children, and does it entirely by means granted in answer to earnest, believing prayer. His life and labors have not been extensively known, especially not in this country. It is only recently that his yearly reports and narrative have been collected and published in England, and not much over a year since Mr. Wayland abridged and republished a much cheaper edition in this country. It is a work well adapted for the present time, and deserves an extensive circulation.

There have always been a few faithful followers of Christ, whose lives have exemplified the same faith, but they have not been extensively known, and infidelity in regard to God's promises respecting our temporal affairs has prevailed to the exclusion of like precious faith in the majority of those who profess to believe in Christ.

Müller's orphan houses, his greatest work, are modeled after Francke's orphan house at Halle, in Germany. There are now eleven hundred and fifty orphans clothed, lodged, fed, and educated in them by means sent to him in answer to believing prayer. He has neither endowment

nor yearly allowance, but day by day he prays, not only for daily food and raiment for himself and family, but for a supply for all these committed to his charge, and his own and their wants are abundantly supplied.

He not only chooses to live in this way now, but for the future, and will receive nothing toward endowing his orphan houses; neither will he receive any thing toward creating a fund for his own support in old age, believing that the same Hand that supplies his present will supply his future wants if he but trust to it alone.

His orphan houses, though his greatest, are not his only important works. Previous to establishing them, he had formed a society called "The Scriptural Knowledge Society," for the support of missionaries who go out to their fields of labor without salaries or means of support, but trusting Him to supply all their need, who hath called them to labor for him, and whose promise is, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world:" also for the purpose of distributing Bibles and tracts, and for the establishment and support of Sunday schools in various parts of the country. This Society was established in 1834, and from its establishment to May, 1860, there had been expended over twenty-five thousand dollars in carrying out its various objects, besides nearly forty thousand dollars expended for Bibles and tracts. For the support of his orphan houses, which were begun in 1836, up to the same date, there had been expended about nine hundred thousand dollars—making in all nearly a million of dollars received in answer to prayer, and expended for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom on the earth.

Müller is a German by birth and education. His father educated him for the Lutheran ministry, but in the providence of God becoming acquainted with a few truly-spiritual Christians, his eyes were opened to see the sinfulness of attempting to minister in holy things while experimentally ignorant of them.

He afterward sought and found that there was a blessed reality in the religion of Christ, which had hitherto been a dead letter to him. He was now eager to proclaim the unsearchable riches of the Gospel, and after some delay placed himself under the direction of the London Continental Society, hoping to be sent as a missionary to his own countrymen who were scattered in Bucharest. He afterward became much interested in Jews, and labored for a time among them in London, and would gladly have gone as a missionary among them. There was some delay with the Society in appointing him to any field of labor, and while waiting their movements he was led to

question the righteousness of placing himself so entirely under their direction, especially as he could not approve of some of their regulations. He finally withdrew and went to preaching wherever the way was opened. After a short time he became a settled pastor, with a salary; but not feeling that his confidence was wholly in God, he gave up his salary and commenced a life of trust for both temporal and spiritual supplies, which in its results has been truly wonderful, proving, as has often been done before, the faithfulness of His promises, who knows we have need of food and raiment, and who will not let us lack aught that it may be best for us to have, if we trust in him and are "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

In all the time he has been trusting in God alone, he has never made his wants known to any person with a view of obtaining aid. Even when asked if in need, and so destitute that he had not a supply of food for the next meal, he did not feel himself at liberty to acknowledge it, realizing that by so doing he should remove his confidence from Him in whom he professed to trust. Such perfect faith in the loving, watchful care of our Heavenly Father was not without its reward.

In all the time he has had the care of orphans, which was at first in a small way, from 1836 to 1845, when in answer to prayer he was enabled to make arrangements for accommodating three hundred, up to 1857, when, in the same way, he was enabled to accommodate seven hundred, up to the present time, when he has eleven hundred and fifty, they have never had to go without a single meal at the usual time, neither have they removed their trust nor in any way been confounded.

When in the providence of God it seemed his duty to enlarge his orphan houses, as there were many more applications for admittance than he could receive, he would not advance with the building till he had received what, upon careful estimation, he deemed he should need to commence and complete it without in any way running in debt. It was the same again when the way seemed opened to him for still greater enlargement.

When once convinced that he was in the way of duty and would be approved, he commenced praying daily for means to go forward with his great work, as confident that he would receive it as if it was actually in his possession.

He believed it against the spirit of the Gospel, which says, "Owe no man any thing but love," to plunge into debt, and has not done it in any case, though he knew the Lord's promises would not fail; but he could not retain this blessed con-

fidence unless he was in all things obedient to the teachings of the Word of God.

He says he received fifteen and twenty thousand dollars as quietly as if but so many pence, because they were all direct answers, and he knew that with Him, "whose is the earth and the fullness thereof," it was as easy to send large as small sums. He was unwilling to have any gifts in any way solicited, because he wished all he received to be a free-will offering of those who have only been influenced to give by the Spirit of God operating upon their hearts. He deprecates the frequent mode of obtaining means for building churches and supporting charitable institutions, etc., by appealing to the unconverted as well as the Christian. He thinks it unscriptural, and that it is a fearful source of pride and self-righteousness. To Him who looketh upon the heart a gift can not be acceptable unless cheerfully given, "heartily as unto the Lord." When unconverted persons wish to aid in the support of the Gospel, he would have them allowed the privilege, but never to claim control over the Church because of the support they had given. When a Church in any place, or any institution of the Gospel, can not be sustained without calling for assistance from those who do not love the cause of Christ, it would better go down; we have no authority to do evil that good may come. If the simplicity of the Gospel were always adhered to, there would be no need of such support. The duty of aiding in the support and spread of the Gospel is not always understood, even by Christians, and often when perceived is neglected from lack of confidence in God.

Müller in stating his object in establishing an orphan house upon Francke's plan was to show the Christian world that God's promises in regard to our temporal affairs were not a dead letter; but that if we will "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all things else shall be added unto us" that are needed for our best good.

#### GOD THROUGH CHRIST.

THERE are some persons whose eyes are so weak that the light seems to be injurious to them, especially the red rays of the sun, and a glass has been invented, which rejects the rays that are injurious, and allows only those to pass which are softened and modified to the weakness of the eye. It seems as if the Lord Jesus were some such a glass as this. The grace of God the Trinity, shining through the man Christ Jesus, becomes a mellow, soft light, so that mortal eye can bear it.

## MANY BOOKS.

BY REV. T. B. M'FALLS.

"Better to read little with thought, than much with levity and quickness."—TUPPER.

"Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces an incitement to further progress."

JOHNSON.

"OF making many books there is no end." So said Solomon at a time when the art of making paper was not known, and printing was not dreamed of. Now there are books enough in the world with which might be built walls much more extensive than those which surrounded Jerusalem; and yet of making many books there is no end. This is emphatically an age of reading, so much so, indeed, that, with all the modern appliances for printing and binding, the demand for new books can hardly be met. Every body reads. And judging from this fact, we would conclude that the standard of mind and intelligence was considerably elevated among the masses; that men no longer played on the shore with pebbles and shells, but that they ventured out on the wide, expansive ocean of knowledge and truth. This is far from being the case. The very character of the books which are in the greatest demand is an index to the low standard of mind. There are too many books, or, rather, men read too many books and study too few; and this error is not confined to the vulgar, but, unhappily, our colleges and universities encourage or sanction it. Take a catalogue of any of our institutions of learning and look over the number of books in the different languages which the student is required to read, besides mathematics, the natural and moral sciences, and you will see that a pupil, to read and study all these in the time allotted, must either do it very superficially, or break down his or her health by over-taxing the mind and energies. The colleges and seminaries are doing more toward lowering the standard of mind than is generally supposed, by "*pushing the students through*," and sending them out into the world with a diploma of scholarship, when, the truth is, not one-half of them could pass a moderate examination in the rudiments of a good English education. The reader will pardon this digression.

The great error is too much reading and too little thinking. It is not the number of books read, but the number studied, mastered, and enshrined in the memory that is of any real, practical benefit. And even here too much care can not be had, lest the labors and achievements of other men's minds become the super-

structure instead of the scaffolding. Those who give a passive submission to the productions of other men's minds without making any effort to search out truth for themselves, by the exercise of their own intellectual powers or faculties, surrender themselves wholly to the prejudices and idiosyncracies of strangers. There are many of this class. Under the guise of industry they indolently consume their time by reading many books—books which require no continuous thought or continued application, but light and trifling, which temporarily excite the mind and leave it with a few vague and futile ideas. "You might as well expect to grow stronger by always eating as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment." This mental intemperance can not be too carefully guarded against. After the habit has been formed, the mind seems incapable of receiving pleasure or enjoyment in any other way: and the appetite for this stimulant is the same in kind, if not in degree, as that of the poor inebriate. Books of great worth for their close and masterly reasoning, and which require attention to their right understanding, must remain sealed to those who have habituated themselves to reading for mere mental excitement. Such persons are utterly incapable of thinking or speaking consecutively on any one subject for the space of ten minutes. They fly from one topic to another, somewhat like the parlor-talking of the so-called *beaux* and *belles*. They learn the mere outlines of some subjects, which they are unable to master, so as to keep up the semblance of knowledge. They investigate nothing; they discover nothing. A new idea would be as startling to them as the discovery of a new planet to a philosopher. Reasoning from effect to cause, and from cause to effect, is not a part of their logic. The thing is true because some author in high repute with them says so, is the sum total of their reasoning. Such persons may engage in the common business affairs of life, but they pursue the same treadmill-like plan day after day, or change their course according to the notions of every new treatise they read, without allowing any one of them sufficient time in which to test it. "Such an intellect moves upon no principle; it is the mere bubble and plaything of chance; all that it gains is by accident and to its own surprise. Fortune is the master and not the follower of these minds." The minds of such persons are dormant, and if there are moments when their own native thoughts arise, they are as the wild, distorted dreams of a disarranged and morbid system. Instead of making other men's opinions the helps, or even the adjuncts of their own, they

adopt them to the entire abnegation of their own minds. They read to get ideas rather than to strengthen and direct their own. Reading becomes a fascination to them. They read just as others attend a theater, not for any benefit, but for the excitement. It supplies them thoughts which, however useless otherwise, serve to keep them from a knowledge of their own vapidness and inanity. An observing and discriminating writer says: "If, at the close of any given year, you will examine the register of the librarian of any of the literary societies in college, you will find, almost without exception, that those who have taken out most books, have accomplished the least in preparing the mind for future usefulness. It is a good maxim, in regard to your reading—*non multa, sed multum.*"

What the crucible is to gold, education is to the mind. The refining process adds nothing to the intrinsic worth of the metal; it only takes away the dross and utilizes it. All the chemical and refining processes in the world would fail to make gold of any of the baser metals, and we may as confidently affirm, that all the educational systems in the world are incompetent to make a wise man of a simpleton. But this class of mankind is small. The great mass of mankind who are ignorant, remain so because they have no regular system of training their minds, but spend their time idly in desultory reading. They read to no purpose. They have no clearly-defined aim in view to which their reading may be subservient. Many persons, possessed of great natural strength of intellect, trifle away their time in this manner, which is unbecoming their powers. They have the ability to do better, but they give a weak submission of their understandings to a faint-hearted love of ease.

There is within reach of almost every one who is not destitute of mind the marble block upon which he may chisel in imperishable characters his name and his fame. Most of the great men who have lived and exerted a world-wide influence were men who made themselves great by their own efforts. The arts and sciences have been advanced to their present perfection by the aid of men who made the best use of the helps they had, and accustomed their minds to methodical thinking. Benjamin Franklin, the great philosopher and statesman, was a printer's boy, but he faithfully improved the time that was not devoted to his employer's business in self-education. So careful was he in reading books that what he read one day he tried to reproduce on paper the next. Dr. Herschel, the astronomer, was a fifer-boy in the

army; Simpson, the Scotch mathematician, was a poor weaver, and Shakspeare was a scene-shifter and candle-snuffer in a theater.

"Be great in act as you have been in thought,  
Be stirring as the time, . . . . .  
. . . . . and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution."

Without this "dauntless spirit of resolution" you will never be more than a superficial scholar, skirting the shores of some topics far too deep for you, though you had the latent powers of a Newton or a Leibnitz. All men, it is true, have not the vigor, and energy, and, perhaps, not the capacity of such men as those whom we have mentioned, but their manner of improving every hour, their example of activity, their "dauntless spirit of resolution" should teach all to use their time profitably. How many hours in every day which might be devoted to the study of some of the sciences or languages are spent in foolish talking, or, which is worse, in reading the wild and unnatural productions of diseased imaginations! Time is not so much wanting as inclination to improve it. Sallust very justly remarks that "mankind complain without reason of their nature, that, being weak and of short duration, it is influenced more by chance than by the exertion of intellect. Now, on the contrary, you will find that active exertion is more wanting to the nature of men than additional power or an enlarged period of existence. The mind is the director and ruler of human life; it controls every thing and is controlled by none." The truth of this is grandly illustrated in the history of those men whose minds have forced their way through a thousand hostile appearances, overcome innumerable obstacles, and pressed to the very pinnacle of fame, whence the flood of their glory gushed and gleamed upon the minds of men. They have weighed the sun, and moon, and stars, and marked out their orbits. They have determined the laws according to which all worlds and all atoms move—according to which the very spheres sing together.

The great majority undertake no literary pursuits because there are only a few hours in the day when they are released from their business engagements. And these few hours, which in the course of a year make weeks and months, for the want of energy and decision are permitted to pass unimproved, or which, as we have said before, is worse, are spent in reading some sickly, sentimental story, which produces a dreamy, deranged mind, and entirely unfits them for the real and active duties of life. Professor Stuart says: "I might safely promise a

good knowledge of Hebrew and Greek to most men of this sort if they would diligently improve the time that they now absolutely throw away in the course of three or four years. While one man is deliberating whether he would better study a language another man has obtained it. Such is the difference between decisive, energetic action, and a timid, hesitating, indolent manner of pursuing literary acquirements." Let all, then, improve these moments as they pass, and get wisdom, get understanding, "for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her." Time is the most precious of earthly inheritances, and these moments are gems sparkling on its brow, richer than all the jewels of Ind. What may not by the resolute will be accomplished in them? What languages may be acquired? what sciences mastered? But it is said that these spare hours are necessary to mental as well as physical relaxation. True, the mind and body act upon each other and sympathize one with the other; if the body be wearied with severe labor the mind will also be inactive, and severe mental exertion will weary the flesh. Reason and nature will teach you not to undermine your health by the over-exertion of either. But mankind generally are too much disposed to take their ease and remit all effort; the lethargy of their nature is a sufficient guarantee that they will do themselves no harm; the difficulty and labor of concentrating the mind on any one literary acquirement and intently pursuing it precludes the idea that they will unnecessarily tax their powers and renders the caution useless. "Mankind," says Johnson, "have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it." Besides, what we have written does not apply to those who rightly employ their time, but to those who waste it in desultory reading. Our whole object is to show the importance of giving the mind to study; to dissuade from aimless reading; and to point out the practicability of laying up a large amount of acquirement, and giving to age that proudest and most cheering of all feelings, a happy retrospect.

The reason assigned by these book-cormorants is, that by reading novels and other light liter-

ature, they not only derive a great deal of pleasure, but acquire the use of chaste and beautiful language; but what signifies language without ideas! and this class of reading certainly requires no exercise of mind. The reader's curiosity is aroused, and he hurriedly turns leaf after leaf to ascertain the end of the hero or the fate of the heroine: this done, then a lounge on the sofa and a dreamy sleep; in which some Desdemona, with flowing tresses, dark, piercing eyes, angelic smile, silvery voice, and with queen-like step, glides beneath the green foliage of the arbor, through a winding path to the bank of a beautiful, placid lake: her foot trips, and she falls into the water; springing with terror and excitement he finds himself grasping firmly his own left arm; or some Lothario breathes into her ear the deep feelings of his heart; he can not live if excluded from her charms, and proposes to run away: she mounts a gay and spirited charger; across the lawns and through the woods they fly; a deer starts up; her horse takes fright—with a scream she awakes and finds herself on the floor! Away with such trash! Addison will give you more chaste language; Burke, Sheridan, or Curran more beautiful imagery; and Niebuhr, Grote, or Humboldt more enduring pleasure and information.

What we have written may be supposed, by some, to refer exclusively to the "lords of creation." But not so: we are not one of those who believe in the intellectual inferiority of woman. God made man from the rough, coarse earth; but woman he made from a more refined material. There is a difference between them, but it is the difference between fineness and coarseness—between delicacy and roughness. History gives us many examples which serve to illustrate the intellectual equality of the sexes. Pericles had his counterpart in his wife, and so had Cæsar. Peter the Great had his Catherine, and Napoleon quailed under the terrible denunciations of Madame de Staël. Maria Theresa is another example. England and our own country have produced numerous female writers of a high grade.

John Adams paid woman a high compliment, when he said that he owed all that he was to the influence and teachings of his mother. This, no doubt, would be the acknowledgment of most men of prominence. Woman, therefore, moves in an important sphere. She has the molding and fashioning of the minds which are to govern the world. She is the power behind the throne. How essential, then, to her is a good judgment and a well-cultivated intellect! How can she meet the responsibilities of her position if she "consigns her mind to the destructive

bondage of sloth," or permits it to decay through want of culture, or vitiates it by reading those books which present false views of life?

In conclusion, let all be assured that they will always derive the most profit, as well as the most pleasure, from the books which make them think the most; and when the difficulties have been overcome these are the books which will strike the deepest root, not only in the memory and understanding, but also in the affections.

### OUR TOILS AND OUR REWARDS.

BY LIZZIE CONWELL SMITH.

**I**DLENESS is ignoble in this world of busy hands, and working brains, and eager aspirations. A man may fold Ease to his bosom and call her dear, but she will, like the subtle lotus-blossom, steal away the energies of his manhood with her opiate breath, and leave him mentally and morally weak. We must not sit with folded hands idly dreaming in the wide fields of life, whose very mold is alive and bursting with the germs of mighty deeds and rapid revolutions. We must work, and we must work with steadfast minds and willing hands; and verily we shall have our reward.

Toil is not a suppliant; labor is not beggarly; no! to honest toil and patient labor belongs a rightful heirship to honor and exaltation; and to him who labors fearlessly and perseveringly is given generous guerdons of success. But there are endless varieties and grades of labor—the physical, the moral, and the intellectual; and to each belong adequate rewards.

To the physical laborer—he who tills the ground, or hews the wood, or with strong arm and skillful hand shapes the massive iron to his will—is given the power of limb, the strength of nerve, and the glorious development of form, which was bestowed by God upon the original creature, man. And besides these the grateful earth yields to his hand abundant harvests of flowers and fruit—the hewn wood lights his fire-side and warms his hearth or roofs him from the chill blasts of Winter—the iron is converted into cunning wheels and magic springs, whose combined and harmonious operations are made subservient to his wants, and add greatly to his comfort and pleasure. Truly the physical laborer has his reward.

And the intellectual laborer—he also has full recompense. To him is given a glorious dower of intellectual strength and power as requital for his unflinching patience in toiling to make rich the beautiful and fruitful regions of the mind.

VOL. XXII.—28

For him do the unfailing springs of knowledge open; for him do the large harvests of wisdom ripen; and for him do life's overhanging boughs of beauty and poetry droop, full of fair flowers and fruits. It is not for him to sit in idle ease—to live as an automaton; it is for no one to do this. We are bound to exercise and develop, as far as we have power, the intellect God has given to us, whether it be great or small, and we are generously recompensed for our labor in continually-new, continually-increasing draughts of intellectual enjoyment.

But there shall come a day when our aspirations shall be lost in the full glory of accomplishment—a day when all God's children shall be taken home to live in him. Let us "learn to labor and to wait" for that blessed day which can not be afar off.

To the moral laborer is given a higher reward in proportion as his labors are of a more elevated character; and what labor is more holy, more ennobling than that which has for its object the eternal welfare of souls; that which seeks out earth-erring ones, and leads them with brotherly hands and loving counsel into the wide shelter of God's infinite love?

Such is peculiarly the task of the faithful, self-denying laborer in the moral vineyard of life, and it is meet that his reward should far exceed that of one who labors merely for his own temporal advantages. To him who sows in the Spring-time, the harvest-time will bring a visible reward; he doubts it not; he knows because he has seen; and he is not troubled nor cast down because of uncertainty of delay. But to him who sows the seeds of truth and virtue in the soul—it may be among weeds or in stony places—is given a recompense only in trust while here. He looks not for earthly requitals; his lot is generally one of privations, and disappointments, and sacrifices on earth, but O, how exceedingly great is his heavenly reward! Then to all such let us reach forth helping hands and whisper words of encouragement, that they may faint not, neither grow wearied in their hallowed work.

Toil on, then, faithful teacher, prayerful minister—toil and trust till

"Unto thee is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit,  
In such great offices as suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven."

It is the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it; to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable, and more earnest to know, the more it knows.

good knowledge of Hebrew and Greek to most men of this sort if they would diligently improve the time that they now absolutely throw away in the course of three or four years. While one man is deliberating whether he would better study a language another man has obtained it. Such is the difference between decisive, energetic action, and a timid, hesitating, indolent manner of pursuing literary acquirements." Let all, then, improve these moments as they pass, and get wisdom, get understanding, "for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her." Time is the most precious of earthly inheritances, and these moments are gems sparkling on its brow, richer than all the jewels of Ind. What may not by the resolute will be accomplished in them? What languages may be acquired? what sciences mastered? But it is said that these spare hours are necessary to mental as well as physical relaxation. True, the mind and body act upon each other and sympathize one with the other; if the body be wearied with severe labor the mind will also be inactive, and severe mental exertion will weary the flesh. Reason and nature will teach you not to undermine your health by the over-exertion of either. But mankind generally are too much disposed to take their ease and remit all effort; the lethargy of their nature is a sufficient guarantee that they will do themselves no harm; the difficulty and labor of concentrating the mind on any one literary acquirement and intently pursuing it precludes the idea that they will unnecessarily tax their powers and renders the caution useless. "Mankind," says Johnson, "have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it." Besides, what we have written does not apply to those who rightly employ their time, but to those who waste it in desultory reading. Our whole object is to show the importance of giving the mind to study; to dissuade from aimless reading; and to point out the practicability of laying up a large amount of acquirement, and giving to age that proudest and most cheering of all feelings, a happy retrospect.

The reason assigned by these book-cormorants is, that by reading novels and other light liter-

ature, they not only derive a great deal of pleasure, but acquire the use of chaste and beautiful language; but what signifies language without ideas! and this class of reading certainly requires no exercise of mind. The reader's curiosity is aroused, and he hurriedly turns leaf after leaf to ascertain the end of the hero or the fate of the heroine: this done, then a lounge on the sofa and a dreamy sleep; in which some *Deademona*, with flowing tresses, dark, piercing eyes, angelic smile, silvery voice, and with queen-like step, glides beneath the green foliage of the arbor, through a winding path to the bank of a beautiful, placid lake: her foot trips, and she falls into the water; springing with terror and excitement he finds himself grasping firmly his own left arm; or some *Lothario* breathes into her ear the deep feelings of his heart; he can not live if excluded from her charms, and proposes to run away: she mounts a gay and spirited charger; across the lawns and through the woods they fly; a deer starts up; her horse takes fright—with a scream she awakes and finds herself on the floor! Away with such trash! Addison will give you more chaste language; Burke, Sheridan, or Curran more beautiful imagery; and Niebuhr, Grote, or Hume more enduring pleasure and information.

What we have written may be supposed, by some, to refer exclusively to the "lords of creation." But not so: we are not one of those who believe in the intellectual inferiority of woman. God made man from the rough, coarse earth; but woman he made from a more refined material. There is a difference between them, but it is the difference between fineness and coarseness—between delicacy and roughness. History gives us many examples which serve to illustrate the intellectual equality of the sexes. *Pericles* had his counterpart in his wife, and so had *Cæsar*. *Peter the Great* had his *Catherine*, and *Napoleon* quailed under the terrible denunciations of *Madame de Stael*. *Maria Theresa* is another example. England and our own country have produced numerous female writers of a high grade.

*John Adams* paid woman a high compliment, when he said that he owed all that he was to the influence and teachings of his mother. This, no doubt, would be the acknowledgment of most men of prominence. Woman, therefore, moves in an important sphere. She has the molding and fashioning of the minds which are to govern the world. She is the power behind the throne. How essential, then, to her is a good judgment and a well-cultivated intellect! How can she meet the responsibilities of her position if she "consigns her mind to the destructive

bondage of sloth," or permits it to decay through want of culture, or vitiates it by reading those books which present false views of life?

In conclusion, let all be assured that they will always derive the most profit, as well as the most pleasure, from the books which make them think the most; and when the difficulties have been overcome these are the books which will strike the deepest root, not only in the memory and understanding, but also in the affections.

---

### OUR TOILS AND OUR REWARDS.

BY LIZZIE CONWELL SMITH.

**I**DLENESS is ignoble in this world of busy hands, and working brains, and eager aspirations. A man may fold Ease to his bosom and call her dear, but she will, like the subtle lotus-blossom, steal away the energies of his manhood with her opiate breath, and leave him mentally and morally weak. We must not sit with folded hands idly dreaming in the wide fields of life, whose very mold is alive and bursting with the germs of mighty deeds and rapid revolutions. We must work, and we must work with steadfast minds and willing hands; and verily we shall have our reward.

Toil is not a suppliant; labor is not beggarly; no! to honest toil and patient labor belongs a rightful heirship to honor and exaltation; and to him who labors fearlessly and perseveringly is given generous guerdons of success. But there are endless varieties and grades of labor—the physical, the moral, and the intellectual; and to each belong adequate rewards.

To the physical laborer—he who tills the ground, or hews the wood, or with strong arm and skillful hand shapes the massive iron to his will—is given the power of limb, the strength of nerve, and the glorious development of form, which was bestowed by God upon the original creature, man. And besides these the grateful earth yields to his hand abundant harvests of flowers and fruit—the hewn wood lights his fire-side and warms his hearth or roofs him from the chill blasts of Winter—the iron is converted into cunning wheels and magic springs, whose combined and harmonious operations are made subservient to his wants, and add greatly to his comfort and pleasure. Truly the physical laborer has his reward.

And the intellectual laborer—he also has full recompense. To him is given a glorious dower of intellectual strength and power as requital for his unflinching patience in toiling to make rich the beautiful and fruitful regions of the mind.

VOL. XXII.—28

For him do the unfailing springs of knowledge open; for him do the large harvests of wisdom ripen; and for him do life's overhanging boughs of beauty and poetry droop, full of fair flowers and fruits. It is not for him to sit in idle ease—to live as an automaton; it is for no one to do this. We are bound to exercise and develop, as far as we have power, the intellect God has given to us, whether it be great or small, and we are generously recompensed for our labor in continually-new, continually-increasing draughts of intellectual enjoyment.

But there shall come a day when our aspirations shall be lost in the full glory of accomplishment—a day when all God's children shall be taken home to live in him. Let us "learn to labor and to wait" for that blessed day which can not be afar off.

To the moral laborer is given a higher reward in proportion as his labors are of a more elevated character; and what labor is more holy, more ennobling than that which has for its object the eternal welfare of souls; that which seeks out earth-erring ones, and leads them with brotherly hands and loving counsel into the wide shelter of God's infinite love?

Such is peculiarly the task of the faithful, self-denying laborer in the moral vineyard of life, and it is meet that his reward should far exceed that of one who labors merely for his own temporal advantages. To him who sows in the Spring-time, the harvest-time will bring a visible reward; he doubts it not; he knows because he has seen; and he is not troubled nor cast down because of uncertainty of delay. But to him who sows the seeds of truth and virtue in the soul—it may be among weeds or in stony places—is given a recompense only in trust while here. He looks not for earthly requitals; his lot is generally one of privations, and disappointments, and sacrifices on earth, but O, how exceedingly great is his heavenly reward! Then to all such let us reach forth helping hands and whisper words of encouragement, that they may faint not, neither grow wearied in their hallowed work.

Toil on, then, faithful teacher, prayerful minister—toil and trust till

"Unto thee is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit,  
In such great offices as suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven."

---

It is the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it; to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable, and more earnest to know, the more it knows.

## RICH, BUT NOT TOWARD GOD.

RECENTLY there died in London a Scotchman worth some eight millions of our money. His uniform answer, when solicited for charity, was, "I make it a rule never to give any thing." He is gone where he could take nothing with him. Some accounts intimate that he had a premonition of his reception in the unseen world. One who knew him well, says that he fell down in his dressing-room; that he had just time to ring his bell and creep on to the bed; his servant found him dead. But he had been conscious; he had felt he was in a moment to stand before the living God; and the look of indescribable, unutterable fear and horror fixed and settled in his glazed eye, was something fearful to behold.

## OUR VOLUNTEER.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

You know I wrote to tell you how, in June,  
When rose about us such great rallying shout,  
The hidden minor in the quiet tune  
Of my glad life rose, and struck sudden out  
All sweeter notes; for in the "Ninth" went one—  
My friend—you know, I never write his name  
Now any more. Brave work was to be done;  
And who but him to do it? Could I blame?

Could I have held him back and hoped to find  
Thenceforth in his soul's royalty my rest?  
Boast of his blameless honor and still bind  
With my weak woman's wish his brave behest?  
Nay, could I love, if I could bend his will?  
And so, one morning, when the sky was gay  
With crimson banners, and the dew lay still  
On all the Summer's robes, he went away.

"I shall return," he said with his last look.  
But truer spoke my heart, "Nay, never yet  
Has life restored to me a joy she took."

I waited, standing, till I heard, afar,  
The parting signal—all was over now—  
How still and large the world seemed when the jar  
Of cannon died—a fresh breeze struck my brow—  
The scattered flame-flakes of a damask rose  
Strewed all the dewy grass where he had stood—  
"How over-bright," I thought, "the sunshine glows!"  
The while a robin fed her noisy brood.

How hot and stifling after that the breath  
Of Summer seemed—how drear and still the days  
Stung with resistless certainty of death!  
How strange the cheer of friends! What cruel lays  
The bright birds sang to mock my haunting fear!  
The while my soul leaned, listening, from the fire  
Of her slow agony—intense to hear  
The death-beats pulse along the throbbing wire.

At last, one night before the sun had set,  
I heard—"At Leesburg! Battle!"—ah, how slow—

A pause—a pulseless dread—a name—the rest  
I never knew . . .  
. . . It seems an age ago  
That darkened sun went down the bloody west.

A flash—a darkness—from your little heaven  
The light is out—no matter, smile the same:  
Let life go on. The blasting bolt has riven  
More hearts than yours, and who shall bear the  
blame?

What if, in all the world, the only soul  
That answered yours is struck beyond your sphere?  
What need for this to make complaint or dole?  
" 'T was for your country's honor—let no tear

Stain, then, the sacrifice." O, there 's the pain!  
For calmly could we give thus more than life,  
If from our countless loss some smallest gain  
Grew to our country's honor—earth is rife  
With such brave deeds—but when you vainly strew  
Such treasure in destruction's deadly way,  
'T is pitiful for us. We gave, 't is true,  
For use, not wanton waste, some luckless day.

"It will not do to grieve. So many die  
In battle, what is one, that you should dare  
To cherish selfish sorrow? Better try  
To bear it bravely—smile and breathe fresh air,  
And time will bring you cheer." Ah, yes, we all  
Can smile. How easy 't is to smile—'t is well  
We can be gay, for light words come at call,  
The while we hide a grief no speech could tell.

"Be calm, and trust. Some blessing crowns all loss."  
Or doubly poor are all the words ye speak.  
'T is hard to feel we bear a hallowed cross,  
In such deep suffering. We, so helpless weak,  
To feel life grow so cheap in such brief time;  
To grope so darkly for our old-time trust;  
To hear, despairing, sweet Hope's silver chime  
Change into tolling o'er its buried dust.

They say—would it were true—that, somewhere, wrong  
Shall all be righted—all harsh discords swell  
Into the richness of harmonious song.  
Grow to strange joy the griefs no tongue can tell;  
And great mistakes that parted kindred souls  
Shall prove, somehow, God's purposes for good.  
The time seems long, the while the mad tide rolls  
Across the pleasant land where once we stood.

Ah, me, how long, seeing no sign of calm—  
No rainbow bending o'er our rayless grief!  
To bear a bleeding wound, knowing no balm  
Of surest healing e'er can bring relief!  
To feel the ceaseless throbbing of the brain—  
Longing for quiet rest—to sleep—and wake,  
To take again the burden of our pain,  
And cry, "O, heart, be brave and do not break!"

Could we believe that some time pain would cease,  
Dead hope be raised and crowned in some fair  
sphere,

And life renewed in plenitude of peace,  
We might wait brave and patient, suffering here,  
But faith dawns slowly on the starless dark  
Of such deep desolation—can we dare,  
Seeing no buried joys return—to hark,  
Hoping to hear their voices other where?

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Scripture Satire.

**MENTAL MISERY IN CONNECTION WITH MATERIAL WEALTH.**—"And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? and he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." Luke xii, 16-21.

It would be natural to expect that wherever there was "the abundance of the things of this life," there would invariably be joy and gladness. Indeed, this seems to be the practical belief of the world. Hence men labor for wealth in order to get happiness; they consider happiness to be in what they *have*, rather than what they *are*. This is the error that our Savior here exposes in two ways—by a full declaration, and by a striking parable. The picture he gives is that of a rich man very unhappy.

There are four things in connection with this man's history that will show his miserable folly:

**I. MAKING HIS OWN GRATIFICATION THE GRAND PURPOSE OF HIS LIFE.** "What shall I do?" For what?—to promote the culture of my soul—to extend the empire of truth in the world? No. What shall I do to hoard up my property? Observe, 1. *He does not consult any one*; he keeps his affairs to himself; a selfish man is ever suspicious of others. Observe, 2. *He does not think of others*; his social sympathies are dead: he might have found barns for his goods in many an empty cupboard, store-houses in many a pauper's home. A man who is thus selfish must always be unhappy. But are we not to take care of ourselves? you will say—Is not this the first law of life? There are three principles in our nature—self-love, social love, and religious love. The first is the lowest impulse, the second next to it in importance, the third is the highest. The first should be subordinate to the second, the second to the third, the third should be under the control of God. In other words, man should promote his own personal interests in promoting the good of others; and promote the good of others by promoting the will of God.

**II. LIVING IN A PRACTICAL DISREGARD OF HIM, IN WHOM HE LIVED AND HAD HIS BEING.** There is no recognition of God in the man's calculations. "My fruits," "my goods." It seemed never to occur to him

that all his industry was dependent on the blessing of God. He did not feel that it was God's earth, God's sun, God's shower—"God was not in all his thoughts." The idea of God is the sun of the soul. Where this practical atheism is there can be, 1. No spiritual life; 2. No spiritual resting-place; 3. No spiritual hope; 4. No spiritual communion. A practical atheist is a fool indeed.

**III. SEEKING HUMAN HAPPINESS IN MATERIAL POSSESSIONS.** "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years." I have now, What? A noble selection of books, which treat of the ways of God, which I intend to peruse? No! Goods! Carnal gratification can not yield happiness to man—it kills the soul. Instances have come under the attention of many observers, where men who have amassed wealth, and pampered their appetites, have only rendered themselves intensely miserable. Take Solomon as an example. Eccl. ii, 1-11.

**IV. OVERLOOKING THE GREATEST FACTS OF HIS EXISTENCE.** 1. *The accountableness of his soul to God.* "Thy soul will be required of thee." Thy soul is not thine. "All souls are mine," etc. It will be required. 2. *The proximity of the soul to eternity.* "This night." Thou art calculating for years—but "this night," etc. 3. *The separableness of the soul from all material possessions.* "Whose shall these things be?" They will not be thine, etc. "His sons come to honor," etc. Whose shall these things be? These worldly things, for which thou hast been laboring all thy life, which thou dost so supremely prize, and in which thou dost seek thy happiness, are not essential to thy being. Thou wilt be when thou hast left them. They were in the possession of others before thou hadst any existence, and they will be in the hands of others when thou art gone. Others will occupy thy house, cultivate thy fields, hold thy property when thou art away in the spiritual districts of eternity. "Whose shall these things be?" Terribly suggestive and solemn question this.

**AN AWFUL DEATH OF THE WICKED.**—"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness." Prov. xiv, 32.

Three things implied in the death of the wicked are here set forth.

**I. A VERY SOLEMN CHANGE.** He is "driven away." 1. Whence? (1.) From all existing enjoyments—the beauties of nature, the circles of friendship, the pleasures of literature, etc. (2.) From all secular engagements. The farmer, lawyer, statesman, etc. (3.) From all means of moral improvement—churches, Bibles, teachers. 2. Whither? To the grave as to his body,

to eternal retribution as to his soul. The death of the wicked implies:

II. A GREAT PERSONAL RELUCTANCE. He does not go away, he is not drawn away; he is "driven away."

1. *All the sympathies of his nature are centered in this life.* They are all twined around earthly objects, as the ivy around the old castle. They are all more deeply rooted in the earth than the oak of centuries. He is in the world, and the world is every thing to him. 2. *The future world is terribly repulsive to him.* Not a ray of hope breaks through its tremendous gloom; it is one dense mass of starless thunder-cloud. This being the case, with what tenacity he clings to life! He will not go, he can not go, he must be "driven." His death is not like the gentle fall of the ripened fruit from its old branch in Autumn, but like the oak, uprooted, and dashed into the air, by a mighty whirlwind. It is not like a vessel gliding to its chosen haven, but like a bark driven by a furious wind to a shore it shrinks from with horror. "Driven away!" The death of the wicked, as here indicated, implies:

III. A TERRIBLE RETENTION OF CHARACTER. He is "driven away" in his wickedness. He carries his wickedness with him. This is the worst part of the whole. He carries his vile thoughts, his corrupt passions, his sinful purposes, his depraved habits, his accumulated guilt, with him. He will leave every thing else behind but this—this adheres to him. He can no more flee from it than from himself. This wickedness will be the millstone to press him downward into deeper, darker depths forever; the poison that will rankle in the veins forever; the fuel that will feed the flames forever. O sinner, lay down this wickedness at the foot of the atoning and soul-renovating cross!

TO-MORROW.—"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." James iv, 14.

Who says to-morrow when a fortune is to be made to-day? Surely not the man of this world, who longs for its coveted riches and treasures. To-morrow may be too late to win the tempting prize; hence now is the motto of his resolute spirit, and earnest action the law of the present hour. So with the man who pursues the pleasures of this life, or whose spirit yearns for place and power. There are no to-morrows in his philosophy—now is the time to quaff the chalice of pleasure; now is the hour to strike for power and place! well were it for such in only too many sad instances, if there were fewer nows and more to-morrows in their mode of life!

But how different is it with men in reference to the highest interests of life? What fearful responsibility are they willing to assume on the subject of their salvation? Heaven presses upon their attention the solemn duty of present action in religion; and yet they say, to-morrow we will attend to this matter. God, who sees all the fearful possibilities in the sinner's future, and because he does see them, says, now; while he who "knows not what shall be on the morrow," says, not now, but to-morrow. Strange, passing strange, is it that that which makes all heaven anxious with concern for a present result, should be to him a matter of indifference, and, as such, postponed to the future. Terrible beyond all description is that spiritual blindness which shuts the eyes of the impenitent to the uncertainties of time and the realities of eternity; and

which yet insanely hopes by some means to secure heaven in the end! And yet thousands are looking to these to-morrows as the convenient season in which they propose to repent; yes,

"On this 'perchance,'

This 'peradventure,' infamous for lies,  
As on a rock of adamant they build  
Their mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,  
As they the fatal system could outspin,  
And, big with life's futurities, expire."

Say not to-morrow, reader, for "ye know not what shall be on the morrow." These to-morrows are fraught with danger; they never come. Illusions are they, and not realities. They promise only to deceive; they lure only to destroy. Trust them not. Immortal souls are imperiled by them; ay, more, immortal souls have been hopelessly wrecked and ruined by them! Infinite Mercy yearns to save you when it says on the one hand, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," and utters on the other, "Behold, now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." F. S. C.

WE CARRY NOTHING AWAY WHEN WE DIE.—"When he dieth he shall carry nothing away." *Psa. xlix, 17.*

Dean Trench commences a sermon on this subject with the following appropriate and striking passage: "Cyrus the Great, being on his death-bed, commanded that when he was carried forth to the grave, his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in the cere-clothes but should be left outside the bier, so that all men might see that they were empty."

THAT I MAY PRAISE THY NAME.—"Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." *Psa. cxlii, 7.*

A man once complained to his minister that he had prayed a whole year that he might enjoy the comforts of religion, but found no answer to his prayers. The minister replied, "No wonder God has refused to hear your selfish prayers. Go home now and pray, 'Father, glorify thyself; bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.'" The spirit of the man's prayer was forthwith changed, and soon his heart was changed also. From this we learn that as the glory of God should ever be the chief end of all our actions, so is it one of the most potent pleas we can make in prayer.

DID THE HEBREWS BORROW OF THE EGYPTIANS?—"But every woman shall borrow of her neighbor," etc. *Exodus iii, 22.*

The Hebrew term *shaal* signifies properly, to ask or demand. Here, it means no more than to demand or ask. The Septuagint renders it, *she shall ask*, and the Vulgate translates it, *she shall demand*. Dr. A. Clarke says "the Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan version, Coptic, and Persian, are the same as the Hebrew." The Doctor also says that in Beck's Bible, published in 1549, and the Geneva and Barker's of 1615, translate the fore-mentioned word into *borrow*. We know from a copy we own of Barker's, that *shaal* is rendered *borrowed*, but not correctly. We can not suppose that the Supreme Being would command the Hebrews to use the pretense of *borrowing* from the Egyptians, when he knew they could never return the articles again. It is positively true, that the Egyptians never had any just claim on the Hebrews for their two hundred and fifteen years' servitude in Egypt. The Hebrews were only getting a tithe of what was justly their due. A. C.

## Hops and Hurrirs.

**DISCEDE, MORATOR.**—The excavations at the buried cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pozzerol, and Capau, are going on with renewed vigor, under the stimulus of an appropriation of money for the purpose from the Italian Government. Heretofore Naples had the work under its exclusive care and control. At Pompeii new frescoes have been discovered, and there is an inscription on the wall of what was probably a workshop of some kind, as follows: "*Otiosis hic locus non est. Discede, Morator.*" This may be translated, "This place is not for the lazy. Loafers, depart." The inscription is as good for industrial establishments of modern times, as it was for those of ancient Pompeii. Its discovery is interesting, from the fact that it shows that human nature was the same eighteen centuries ago in Italy as it is now in America; that there were lazy folks and loafers, who would intrude into workshops, and waste the time or divert the attention of the workmen; and that it became necessary to put up inscriptions, giving a general warning to all such to depart.

**THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT.**—The following is a copy of the compact signed on board the Mayflower, in 1620: "In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are vnderwritten, the loyall Subjects of our dread sovereigne Lord King James, by the grace of God of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

"Having vndertaken for the glory of God, and advancemente of the Christian Faith and honor of our King and Countrey, a Voyage to plant the first Colony in the Northern parts of VIRGINIA, doe by these presents solemnly & mutually in the presence of God and of one another, covenant, and combine ourselves together into a civill body politike, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equall Lawes, Ordinances, acts, constitutions, offices from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the generall good of the Colony; vnto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have here-vnder subscribed our names, Cape Cod 11th, of November, (Old style) in the year of the reigne of our sovereigne Lord King James, of England, France and Ireland 18, and of Scotland 54. Anno Domini 1620."

"GOOD-BY."—In Shropshire, England, the usual valediction among the poor is, "I wish you good luck," instead of the more common, "I wish you good day," or "good-by." This brings to mind Psalm cxxix, 8: "So that they who go by say not so much as 'the Lord prosper you: we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.'" The valediction "good day," was originally "God give you good day;" it is now lost in the inane "Good morning" of the present day.

**AUTHORSHIP OF A HYMN.**—The author of the hymn *Just as I Am* is Miss Charlotte Elliott, who is the sister

of the author of *Horæ Apocalyptice*, and grandchild of the late Rev. John Venn, of Hereford, England, author of *The Complete Duty of Man*.

**OLD AGE—SOURCE OF A QUOTATION.**—You will look long to find a better description of extreme age than the following, which is taken from a play written in the year 1680, by Nathaniel Lee:

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like Autumn fruit that mellowed long—  
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner;  
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,  
Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more,  
Till, like a clock, worn out with eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

**SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.**—The mark which persons, who are unable to write, are required to make instead of their signature, is the sign of a cross, and this practice having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariable proof of such ignorance; anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for among the Saxons, the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write.

In those times if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word *clericus*, or clerk, was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could and by those who could not write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its holy associations, and generally the mark. On this account Mr. Charles Knight, in his notes to the Pictorial Shakspeare, explains the expression of "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath. This phrase occurs three or more times in the plays of Shakspeare; but hitherto it has been left by the commentators in its original obscurity.

**DEAD AS A HERRING.**—The herring is a delicate fish. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have received no hurt, it gives a squeak, and immediately expires; and though it be thrown instantly back into the water, it never recovers. Hence the proverb, "Dead as a herring."

**GEORGE THE FOURTH'S SIGNATURE.**—ROYAL COMMISSIONERS AT FAULT.—The means which George the Fourth's ministers took to relieve him of the necessity of writing his signature so many thousand times, was to affix a stamped signature, by certain Commissioners, by the authority of Parliament. The act stipulated that the stamp—which was a fac-simile of the King's signature—should be affixed in the King's pres-

ence. After the act was passed the Commissioners duly assembled at Windsor Castle, for the purpose of stamping the King's signature to the immense arrears of public documents. None of the Commissioners had had any experience in using a stamp, and, innocently enough, they commenced with ordinary writing ink, and made a mess of it. Every possible specimen of smudge and blotch was produced, but nothing like the King's signature. One after the other the Commissioners tried their hands, the late Duke of Wellington, who was one, making as great a mess of it as any of the others. At length, with hands covered with ink, and clothes and pocket-handkerchiefs stained, and even faces smeared, the Royal Commissioners were fairly beaten, and inclined to give up the stamping as impracticable, when some one quietly suggested that perhaps printing ink would answer better, and, of course, with the adoption of this hint ended all practical difficulty.

**CURIOUS EPITAPH.**—In a country church-yard near Johnstown, Licking county, Ohio, is the following inscription on an old gravestone. We omit some of the names:

"In memory of  
Susan, wife of ———,  
Died Oct. 29, 1822, aged  
48 years, 4 mos., 14 days.

Four times five years she lived a single life,  
Six times five years she lived a virtuous wife,  
Six times five years she walked the downward road,  
Four times five years she walked the paths of God."

The series of years, as given in verse, is expressed in round numbers, making the total fifty, when the actual age was scarcely forty-nine. Some latitude must be allowed to the necessities of meter and rhyme.

J. D. M.

**THE DRUNKARD'S CONCEIT.**—In a late number of *The Times*, the Berlin correspondent of that paper spoke of the appointment of Herr v. Mühler to the post of Minister of Worship, and took occasion to speak in high terms of his very amusing song, which the above heading will pretty correctly describe in English. I was so taken with the original song in German, some years ago, that I attempted a free translation, or rather imitation of it, to the German tune, which is as unique, in its way, as the song. Perhaps, as it has never been printed, it may be allowed a place in "Notes and Queries." I regret that I did not preserve the original, to place by the side of the translation:

Straight from the tavern door  
I am come here;  
Old road, how odd to me  
Thou dost appear!  
Right and left changing sides,  
Rising and sunk;  
O I can plainly see—  
Road! thou art drunk!  
  
O what a twisted face  
Thou hast, O moon!  
One eye shut, t' other eye  
Wide as a spoon;  
Who could have dreamt of this?  
Shame on thee, shame!  
Thou hast been fuddling,  
Jolly old dame!

Look at the lamps again;  
See how they reel!  
Nodding and flickering  
Round as they wheel.  
Not one among them all  
Steady can go;  
Look at the drunken lamps,  
All in a row.

All in an uproar seem,  
Great things and small;  
I am the only one  
Sober at all;  
But there's no safety here  
For sober men,  
So I'll turn back to  
The tavern again.

*Eng. Notes and Queries.*

[We have read an American translation of this poem somewhere, but can not lay hands upon it at present. The comic spirit is better expressed than in the above rendering, and it is quite as faithful to the measure of the original. It begins, if we recollect rightly,

"Out from the tavern I've just stepped to-night;  
Street, you are caught in a very bad plight."

Perhaps some of our correspondents can send it to us.]

**ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.**—Mr. Thackeray, in his lectures on "The Four Georges," has not failed to record that, in the early part of the reign of George III, the king and queen, with the royal children, frequently walked on the terraces and slopes of Windsor, in the presence of considerable numbers of the higher classes of society. On an occasion of that kind one of the princes suddenly bolted, and running up to a lady, wrapped himself in her dress. The king, observing what had happened, instantly went and withdrew the prince from his hiding-place, and taking off his hat, addressed the lady in these words: "Madam, the only apology I can possibly make for this rude boy is, that, in what he has done, he has at least shown his good taste." The lady was at that time young, blooming, and handsome.

I do not see how Louis XIV, of France, could have shown greater courtesy on such an occasion than was manifested by George III of England.

The incident was related to me, more than once, by the lady herself, some fifty years ago; and I am probably the only person now living who can "tell the tale as 't was told to me."—*Eng. Notes and Queries.*

**CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.**—Will you, or some of your contributors, reconcile the following statements in Dr. Clarke's Commentaries? In his notes on the sixteenth verse, sixth chapter of 1 Timothy, he says: "All beings that are not eternal must be mutable, but there can be only one eternal being, that is God; and he only hath immortality."

At the close of the commentaries, in the "Principles derived from the Sacred Writings," twenty-seventh division, he says, "The *soul* is immaterial and immortal," etc. Which of these statements is correct? or are they both correct?

SYLLABUS.

**JACOBITE.**—What does the word Jacobite mean?

SYLLABUS.

**A QUESTION FOR THEOLOGICALS.**—Should unconverted persons be admitted to full membership in the Church?

†

## BIBLIOTHECA FOR CHILDREN.

**SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ANIMALS—THE GREAT REBELLION.**—"If you please, captain," said a young sailor, as he stepped on board the merchant vessel of which he was the second mate, "we have a queer kind of passenger in the boat. How he got there we do not know; but he hid himself between the packages, and we never saw him till we were a good way from the shore. When we were going to heave him overboard, before he was too far to swim back to land, he bent so humbly to us that we had not the heart to turn him out; so we have brought him to you, sir."

"Who is he?" asked the captain.

The mate stepped to the side of the vessel and cried, "Haul up!"

The captain shouted with laughter when he saw a fox. "Poor beast," he said, "it is very odd he should be in the port of Marseilles; but he looks half starved, and as if he had been hunted almost to death; give him some food, and tie him up, so that he may not steal any of the fowls; as we sail directly and yours is the last boat to come on board, there is no time to take him back."

The fox had a cord passed round his neck, a hook was fastened to an empty cask turned on its side and filled with straw, and the cord securely tied to the hook. In two or three days he was very much improved in appearance, and was a beautiful animal: he was thin, but well made; his fur was long, and his tail thick and handsome; his head was thrown back with rather a proud and fierce, yet noble air; his eyes were extremely bright, and he had a keen, clever look, which was very remarkable. When any one approached, he seemed to bend to them, and his movements were very graceful. His countenance was frequently sad, but at night he walked restlessly up and down to the length of his cord, and gnashed his teeth together in the fiercest manner.

When the captain reached London he took Reynard to his house, a little way out of town, and tied him up in a yard. The next morning his wife asked him what he meant to do with him.

"I do not know," answered the husband.

"He can not stay here," said the lady; "he will bite the children. Surely you had better send him into the country."

"No," observed the captain; "the poor creature took refuge in my boat, he has behaved very well upon the voyage; if I send him into the country, he will be hunted and killed, and that is not fair."

"Send him to the Zoological Gardens," exclaimed the eldest son, a lad of fourteen; "George and I can take him there this afternoon, if you like, papa."

"A very good plan," said both father and mother. And to the Zoological Gardens went Reynard the same day.

At first the keepers refused to admit the fox; but one remarking that he was very handsome, with a peculiar look about him, said, "There is an empty den close to that of the badger, and we can put him in there till the gentlemen of the council determine whether he shall or shall not stay with us." The young lads left their charge; and in a few days their papa received the thanks of the Zoological Society for the present of a very handsome fox.

For a week or two Reynard was tolerably quiet in his new abode; but he then became restless, and continually walked up and down his small den, talking to himself.

"Confined to this small space," said he; "no one to speak to, no amusement; thoughts of the past rushing upon me, thoughts of the future, thoughts of what I could do if I were at liberty! What a terrible life, to be thus a prisoner! Why did I trust the English, and suppose, when I reached their country, they would set me at liberty to run over their woods and fields?"

"You are restless, neighbor," said a voice close to him, which made him start; "can I help you?"

"And who are you that thus notices a poor prisoner, driven from his own country to seek kindness from strangers?" asked Reynard.

"I am the badger who lives in the den next to yours," was the reply. "I also am shut up by those who pretend to be kind to me; but I take my pleasure and am free at night. It is so wet just now that I have chosen to stay at home, and that is why I hear you for the first time."

"How can you get your liberty?" inquired Reynard.

"We badgers," answered his neighbor, "can burrow any where underground, and even remove stones which many other animals of our size can not lift; so that it was very easy for me to get out of this den. I go about the garden, visit my acquaintances, talk to them, and come back before morning, when I put the stone which I have taken up into its place, and none of the keepers know of my wanderings."

"Would it not be possible for me to have such a happiness?" asked the fox; "I can also burrow."

"Certainly," said the badger, "and I will help you; it will be very nice for us to go out together; and I will take you to see my friends. At first I was very much afraid of the dogs, but now I have become so well acquainted with them, that they let me pass without taking any further notice than just to say, 'Good evening to you.' Of course they will let you pass as my companion."

The next night the two friends set to work, made a passage through the fox's den, and both found themselves loose in the garden. Reynard was presented to old Badger's acquaintances, and they passed many a pleasant half hour, talking first with one and then with another. As Reynard became intimate, however, he began to talk a great deal about himself, and what he thought of a great many things, especially of the other beasts in the garden. He insisted on it that it was a shame for beasts, who were born to be free, to be shut up in cages; that they were clever enough to know what was right, and, therefore, to be ordered by others was quite against their nature; and to be under the rule of men, who were not as strong or as powerful as they were in many ways, was not to be submitted to. He, therefore, advised them not to take it as calmly as they did, for they were quite able to judge for themselves. To this some replied, that the men were very kind to them, that they lived in very good houses, and had plenty to eat; and that was as much as poor beasts like them ought to expect. Reynard looked quite scornfully at them, and muttering "Poor wretches," turned his back upon them. Others felt as if what he said were true, but it was of no use trying to alter things; while a third set were of opinion, that as they had been placed there without any fault of their own, they must submit. These made Reynard still more impatient than all the others, and he called them ignorant creatures, only fit for eating and drinking, who did not deserve any thing better. Before long, however, he made some impression; and his frequent talking caused a feeling of uneasiness, even in those who had been the most quiet. They began to fancy that they really were ill treated; that, as Reynard said, their keepers were tyrants; that there was no reason why some should live in large dens and some in small; that they were all brothers, and ought to be treated alike.

It is of no use repeating all that was said, but only observe, that there was much commotion throughout the garden. The monkeys Reynard never could get at, because they were carefully shut up by night, for fear they should catch cold; and he thought this was of no consequence, as they were so like men they would be sure to side with them. The hedgehogs curled themselves up into a ball, stuck out their spines, and pretended not to mind him, "as long as

they had beetles to eat they did not care." The bears were quite willing to join in any thing, and said, if they could get outside, they should be sure to find plenty of friends and cakes, people were so fond of them. The raccoons declared that they were quite ready to join in any thing which could do harm to the keepers, who were always so cross and ill-natured. The otter had no objection to help friends, though he did not know what it all meant. Of course all the other foxes joined.

The wolves hated all men; and never having enough to eat, were ready for any thing. The hyenas snarled a consent to Reynard's plans. The tigers, leopards, panthers, and wildcats were delighted at the prospect of bloodshed; and thought that such beautiful creatures as they were ought to be seen more in the world. Some of the deer thought liberty was the finest thing on earth, and gladly joined in any scheme which would procure it. The gnu said, "He always longed to run at the keepers, and the people who came to look at him; and if he could but get out, he would knock them down with his forehead, and then tear them open with his horns."

Reynard and Badger tried to win over the rats, who crossed the canal at night; but they said they knew better; they already had every thing at their own command, and to rebel would be only fighting against themselves. The fox knew it was useless to attempt to win the dogs over; but he tried to flatter the lions to join their party: he told them that such majestic, beautiful creatures ought to be the lords of all; but the oldest lion said, "Get along, you rascal! If I could get at you I would give you such a box on the ear that you would never be able to tempt any one again; and if I hear any thing wrong going on, I will give such a roar that it shall awaken every body in the neighborhood." The sloth said it was too much trouble even to listen to the fox. All the elephants turned their backs upon Reynard, except the baby elephant, who said he should like to help in the row for a little while, that he might be revenged on the keeper, who had pricked his trunk with a fork, and said his long nose was always in the way; but his mother told him he was a silly child, and did not know what he was talking about. The giraffes thanked the fox for his kindness in wishing them to be better off, but they were quite satisfied, and loved their keepers very much. The hippopotamus grunted out that he had plenty to eat, and that was all he cared about. The rhinoceros would be very glad to make one of the rebels, if they would promise to find Mr. Gordon Cumming for him, into whom he wanted to stick his horn, to punish him for killing so many of his brothers.

At last it was agreed that there should be a general rising in the month of September, because the nights were then beginning to get long, and yet the weather would be still warm enough for some of the animals to sleep out, and others would not be as closely shut up as they would be in the Winter.

Reynard and Badger made several underground passages for their companions to run through, and practiced how to withdraw the bolts belonging to the doors of others, standing on their hind legs to reach those at the top.

At length the important night arrived, and all was ready; the two young dogs who watched the garden were strangled by Reynard; those who had underground passages quickly came out, the doors were opened, and all being let loose, helped the bears to unpave their pits, and carried the bricks to the path by which the keepers and workmen entered their part of the garden, where they piled them up into a barricade.

Great was the astonishment the next morning, at six o'clock, when the men came in, to see this barricade, with the leopards and tigers on the top, flourishing their tails, and ready to spring upon them. The bears stood on their hind legs, holding out their arms, as if to say, Come and be hugged. The Jackals howled; and all the other beasts were arranged in proper order. Reynard, who had found a red cap belonging to one of the workmen, put it on his head, and marched up and down in front of the barricade, sometimes on two, and sometimes on four legs, occasionally brand-

ishing one paw, telling his friends to keep firm, and directing the attack; while the little badger followed at his heels, looking at him with great admiration.

"This is droll," said the men, and made a full stop. They then retreated, and the rebels thought they were afraid. The bears lolled out their tongues, the hyenas laughed, the leopards crouched down ready to spring, and smiled conceitedly; but Reynard was anxious, he did not like the quick retirement of the men, and kept entreating his friends not to flinch. In about a quarter of an hour the fight began; the keepers had gone round by another path, so as to surprise the rebels at the back; the bull-dogs, mastiffs, and blood-hounds were let loose upon them, and a fine old bull, with a famous pair of horns, ran furiously at them, stuck one leopard through the body, and tossed him into the air before he could see who was behind him; the others leaped away. A dog seized the wild boar by one ear and dragged him, squeaking, to his den. The bear was thrown down by two other dogs before he could give the fatal hug; the gnu stood at bay, but one of the men threw a rope with a slip-knot over his head, and, rather than be strangled, he suffered himself to be led to his stable. The badger slunk home as fast as he could, put the stone over the hole, and buried himself under some straw; and all were secured with a short struggle.

As to Reynard, a chain was fastened about his neck and another round one of his legs; rings were put into the wall of his den, and these chains made fast to them; the unreplaced stone told the secret of his burrowing, and caused the other passages to be found out; they were all filled up, the fox was imprisoned for life, and the peace of the garden was restored.

**CHARLEY'S LUCKY DAY.**—"I won't tell a lie! I won't be such a coward!" said a fine little fellow, when he had broken a little statnette of his father's in showing it to his play-mates, and they were telling him how he could deceive his father and escape a scolding. He was right. Cowards tell lies, while brave boys tell the truth. So was Charley Mann right, and was rewarded for it, as the following story shows:

A young offender, whose name was Charley Mann, smashed a large pane of glass in a drug-store, and ran away at first, for he was sadly frightened; but he quickly began to think, "What am I running for, it was an accident? Why not turn about and tell the truth?"

No sooner thought than done. Charley was a brave boy, he told the whole truth; how the ball with which he was playing slipped out of his hand, how frightened he was, how sorry, too, at the mischief done, and how willing to pay, if he had the money.

Charley did not have the money, but he could work, and to work he went at once, in the very store where he broke the glass. It took him a long time to pay for the large and expensive pane he had shattered, but when it was done he had endeared himself so much to the storekeeper, by his fidelity and truthfulness, that he would not hear to his going away, and Charley became his clerk.

"Ah! what a lucky day it was when I broke that window!" he used to say.

"No, Charley," his mother would respond; "what a lucky day it was when you were not afraid to tell the truth!"

**SITTING DOWN BESIDE KATY IN HEAVEN.**—A little girl in A—— lost a friend by death—sweet little Katy. "I'm sorry Katy is dead," said she to one of the members of her family, "for now I can't play with her any more. Yes I can!" continued she with animation, "when I get to heaven, though they do n't play on any thing but harps there. At any rate I will go and sit right down by her side the first thing after I get there. O, no I can't!" continued she in a tone of perceptible regret, "I shall have to sit down beside Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob first!" E. E. M.

**DUST WASTED.**—A little girl watching the great clouds of dust which were stirred up and driven before a high wind, exclaimed to her mother, "See, there is dust enough wasted to make several people."

## Musical Gleanings.

**A COLLECTION OF IRISH BULLS.**—Do n't be alarmed, gentle reader. We are not speaking of "Durham stock," nor any other stock that grazes among the fens of Ireland or upon the glebes of England. The "Irish bull" is *sui generis*. It is peculiarly the "Irishman's own." The exquisitely-genteel and felicitous manner in which the genuine Hibernian uses this species of trope in Irish rhetoric can be neither approached nor imitated by any other people on the face of the globe. The "universal Yankee" can do many things, but he fails here. He can not blunder with the grace and entire self-unconsciousness of the true son of Erin. The specimens in our collection may not be apposite for illustration, nor the most faultless in their construction. But they are such as we had. If our readers will replenish our stock we may try our hand again in this department of literature.

**An Old Man when his Father was Born.**—An Irish clergyman having gone to visit the portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood house, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, while his son was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sancta Maria," exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his father was born?"

**Destroying his Bank Notes.**—In the Irish Rebellion a banker, a member for Dublin, rendered himself so very obnoxious to the rebels, in consequence of his vigilance in bringing them to punishment, that whenever they found any of his bank notes in plundering a house, the general cry was: "By Jassus, we'll ruin the rascal! we'll destroy every note of his we can find;" and they actually destroyed, it is supposed, upward of £20,000 of his notes during the rebellion.

**Not Dead, but Speechless.**—Two Irishmen went a little way into the country to see some of their friends, and drinking too freely they were much in liquor. Their friends would fain have persuaded them to stay all night, but they were determined to go home. They set out accordingly; but before they had got a mile, one of them took a reel and fell flounce into a ditch. The other hearing him fall cried out, "Patrick, if you are dead till me!" "No, honey," said Patrick, "I am not dead, but I'm quite speechless."

**Throwing the Old Man Overboard.**—The captain of a vessel just arrived in the harbor of New York, directed one of the crew, an Irishman, to throw the buoy overboard. He was then stepping into his cabin. On his return the captain inquired if his order had been obeyed. The Irishman with great simplicity replied, "I could not catch the boy, but I threw overboard the old cook."

**Waked the Bald Man Instead of Me.**—An Irish officer, traveling in company with a bald gentleman, had desired the waiter of the inn where they put up the first night, to wake him early in the morning, as he had some letters to write before leaving the place. Previous to his beginning his journey, he had got his head shaved. Forgetting this last circumstance, when the waiter aroused him as ordered, Paddy, scratching his pate, and feeling it bald, exclaimed: "You wretch of a waiter, by the powers! you have waked the bald man instead of me."

**Nothing but my Fist in my Hand.**—An Irish recruit being rebuked by the sergeant for striking one of his comrades, "I thought there was no harm in it," quoth Pat, "as I had nothing in my hand but my fist."

**Both of an Age.**—An Irishman being asked which was oldest, he or his brother, "I am eldest," said he, "but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be both of an age."

**Nor no Man ever Killed me.**—An honest Hibernian tar, a great favorite with the gallant Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went to his hammock: "God be thanked, I never killed any man, nor no man ever killed me; God bless the world, and success to the British navy."

**On the Back of the Letter.**—An Irish gentleman called at the General Post-Office and inquired whether there were any letters for him; the clerk asked for his address. "O!" said he, "sure you will find it on the back of the letter!"

**Nobody Killed but Yourself.**—An officer had the misfortune to be severely wounded in an engagement in the American war. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate near him, who was also badly wounded, gave vent to his agony in dreadful howls, which so irritated the officer, who bore his own in silence, that he exclaimed, "What do you make such a noise for? Do you think nobody is killed but yourself?"

**Really Burned or Not.**—A Mr. Johnstone having been lost in the dreadful conflagration of the Theater Royal, Covent Garden, Mr. John Johnstone, of Drury Lane, received a letter from an Irish friend, requesting to know by the return of post, if it was he that was really burned or not.

**The Bet of the Puddy Hod-Carriers.**—Two Irish laboring brick-layers were working at some houses near Russell Square, and one of them was boasting of the steadiness with which he could carry a load to any height that might be required. The other contested the point, and the conversation ended in a bet that he could not carry him in his hod up a ladder to the top of the building. The experiment was made. Pat placed himself in the hod, and his comrade, after a great deal of care and exertion, succeeded in taking him up and bringing him down safely. Without any reflection on the danger he had escaped, he observed to the winner, "To be sure, I have lost; but do n't you remember about the third story you made a slip—I was then in hopes."

**Not a Bit Longer is It.**—An Irishman who was sent on board of ship, and who believed in ghosts, inquired of his messmates if the ship was haunted. "As full of ghosts as a church-yard," replied they, "they are ten thousand strong every night." This so terrified Pat that whenever he turned into his hammock he pulled his blanket over his head and face, so that from his knees downward he was always naked and cold. "That there purser's a terrible rogue! He serves out blankets that do n't fit a man; they are too long at top and too short at bottom, for they cover my head and ears, and my feet are always perished with cold. I have cut several slices off the top and sewed on the bottom, and yet not a bit longer is it."

**How far Ireland is from the Sea.**—A native of one of the Hebrides being joked about the smallness of his island, the most central place not being four miles from the sea, an Irishman in company joined in the laugh, exultingly swearing, "that no part of old Ireland was half so near it."

**Botheram at the Races.**—An Irish gentleman being at Epsom races, and observing in the list of horses that started for the plate one called Botheram, took such a fancy to the name, that he betted considerable odds in his favor. Toward the conclusion of the race, his favorite was unluckily in the rear, on which he vociferated in so loud a key as to drown every other voice, "Ah, my lads, there he goes—Botheram forever! see how he drives them all before him! Botheram forever!"

*I'll Take Two of them.*—A physician at Bath was lately complaining in a coffee-house in that city that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand pounds each, and yet that he could find nobody to marry them. "With your leave, doctor," said an Irishman who was present, stepping up and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take two of them!"

*Covers a Man with Nakedness.*—The proverb says, "that idleness covers a man with rags." An Irish schoolmaster thought the sentence might be improved; in consequence of which he wrote for his pupil, "Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

*To See how I Look when I'm Asleep.*—An Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand shut his eyes and placed it before his face, another asking him why he did so? "Upon my soul," said Teague, "it is to see how I look when I am asleep."

*Satisfaction for being Killed.*—An Irishman, being struck by his master, cried out, "If I am certain whether he has *kilt* me or no; but if I am *kilt* it will afford me great satisfaction to hear the old dog was hanged for killing me."

*A Written Direction.*—An Irish student of the Temple having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole: "Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's and he shall read it for you."

*Under Leathers of Wood.*—In a debate on the leather-tax, in 1795, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—Sir John P.—observed, with great emphasis, "that in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his *last guinea* to protect the remainder." Mr. Vandellure said, "that however that might be, the tax on leather would be *severely felt* by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir Boyle Roache replied, "that this could be easily remedied, by making the *under leathers* of wood."

*Brains Out of his Empty Skull.*—An Irishman and an Englishman falling out, the Hibernian told him if he did not hold his tongue he would break his impenetrable head, and let the brains out of his empty skull!

*Been Dead a Year Ago.*—An Irishman having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland, when he came back some of his companions asked how he liked Scotland. "I will tell you now," he said, "I was sick all the while I was there; and if I had lived there till this time, I had been dead a year ago."

*Living after it is Dead.*—An Irishman being at a tavern, where the cook was dressing some carp, observed some of them move after they were skinned and put into the pan, which much surprised Teague; said he, "Now of all the Christian creatures I ever saw, this carp will live the longest after it is dead of any fish."

*Paddy Blake's Echo.*—When Paddy Blake heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the Lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed, "Poh! faith, that's nothing at all at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway; there, honey, if you were to say to it, *How do you do, Paddy Blake?* it would answer, *Very well, I thank you, sir.*"

*The Famous Mr. Amner.*—The famous Mr. Amner going through a street in Windsor, two boys looked out of a one-pair-of-stairs window, and cried, "There goes Mr. Amner that makes so many bulls." He hearing them, looked up, saying, "You rascals, I know you well enough, and if I had you here I'd kick you down stairs."

*One Boot Smaller than the Other.*—An Irish gentleman gave orders for a pair of boots, and when his measure was taken he observed to the boot-maker, that as one of his legs was bigger than the other the boot must be made accordingly; when they were brought home he put the big boot on the

small leg, and after trying in vain the small boot on the big leg, he exclaimed, "O, you thief of the world, I ordered you to make one boot bigger than the other, and instead of this you have made one smaller than the other!"

*Why the Moon is Better than the Sun.*—A lady observing in company, how glorious and useful a body the sun was—"Why, yes, madam," said an Irish gentleman present, "the sun is a very fine body, to be sure; but, in my opinion, the moon is much more useful; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we really want it; whereas we have the sun with us in the day-time, when we have no occasion for it."

*One Twentieth.*—An Irishman, speaking of the rapacity of the clergy in exacting their tithes, said, "By Jasus, let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't fail to make him pay their full tenths, whether he can or not; nay, they would instead of a tenth take a twentieth, if the law permitted them."

*See the Invisible Girl.*—An Irish gentleman, being asked some time since, what brought him to London, he answered, that he came to see the invisible girl.

*Advance Backward.*—A worthy alderman, captain of a volunteer corps, at a field-day before Lord Cornwallis, was ordering his company to fall back in order to dress with the line, and gave the word—"Advance three paces backward! march!"

*Italian if Spoken in Irish.*—Lewis XIV asked Count Mahony one day if he understood Italian? "Yes, please your majesty," answered the Count, "if it is spoken in Irish."

*Posthumous Works.*—A young man having asked a Hibernian, who was looked up to as a scholar, what was meant by the posthumous works of such a writer? "Why," said the other, "posthumous works are those books which a man writes after he is dead."

*Saw a Wind.*—An Irish gentleman was relating in company that he saw a terrible wind the other night. "Saw a wind!" said another, "I never heard of a wind being seen. But, pray, what was it like?" "Like to have blown my house about my ears," replied the first.

*Thinner than Both of us Put Together.*—An Irishman meeting an acquaintance thus accosted him: "Ah, my dear, who do you think I have just been speaking to? your old friend Patrick; faith, and he is grown so thin I hardly knew him; to be sure, you are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

*I See you are your Brother.*—An Irish gentleman meeting an Englishman thus addressed him: "Ah, my dear, is it you? When I saw you at the other end of the street, I thought you were my cousin; as you came nearer, I thought you were yourself; and now I see you are your brother."

*Ending his Days in a Country where People do n't Die.*—An officer just returned from the West Indies was invited to dine with Dr. Harrey, at Dublin, where several of the medical tribe were present. The conversation turned upon tropical climates, and the officer whose opinion was asked about that of the West Indies, said "it was an infernal place; and that if he had lived there till that day he would have been dead of the yellow fever two years ago." Another of the physicians, without observing the bull, gravely added, "that the climate was certainly very unwholesome, and that vast numbers died there." "Very true," said Dr. O'Donnel, "but if you'll tell me of any country where people do n't die, I will go and end my days there."

*A Munster Man.*—An uninformed Irishman, hearing the sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend, "Sphinx! who's he now?" "A monster man." "O, a Munster man! I thought he was from Connaught," replied the Irishman, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family.

*Too Much Hospitality.*—An Irish soldier, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, replied, "O yes, too much; I was in the hospital nearly all the time I was there."

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**REV. NATHAN BANGS, D. D.**—This eminent minister closed his long and useful career, in the city of New York, on the 2d day of May last. He was born near Bridgeport, Connecticut, May 2, 1778—entered the ministry in 1801. He was elected Book Agent in 1820, and his connection in one or another office in the New York Book Concern was continued till 1836, when he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. This office he held about six years. He was placed upon the "superannuated list" in 1852, having rendered effective service in the ministry at least fifty years. He was a voluminous writer of books, and also wrote much for the various periodicals of the Church. Having so lately published a portrait, together with a biographical sketch, in the Repository, we need add no more here than to refer to our issue for June, 1859. He was truly a patriarch in the Church, and though he had been in a great measure removed from effective service for the last ten years, yet his loss will be widely felt and deplored.

By the will of Dr. Bangs, Rev. Dr. Stevens has been appointed to prepare his memoirs. He is now diligently collecting and arranging materials for this work, which will, without doubt, be a valuable contribution to Methodist biography.

**PROFESSOR FLETCHER.**—The late Miles J. Fletcher, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Indiana, was the fourth son of Calvin Fletcher, Esq., of Indianapolis, and one of several brothers who are all distinguished for their energy and success in life. Professor Fletcher was educated at Brown University, and soon after his graduation was elected Professor of English Literature in Asbury University. This position he held two or three years, and then entered the Law School at Harvard College. After the completion of his law course, he returned to his professorship, in which he labored till he entered upon the duties of Superintendent of Public Instruction in February, 1861. Both as professor and superintendent he was eminently successful; and his untimely death by an accident on a railroad will be deeply regretted. Professor S. K. Hoshour, of Indianapolis, has been appointed to succeed him.

**DR. BETHUNE.**—This eminent divine of the Dutch Reformed Church died, April 27th, at Florence, Italy, where he was visiting on account of his health. He was an eminent scholar, an amateur of literature, a sound theologian, and one of the most eloquent, forcible, and attractive pulpit orators among American divines. He received his theological training at Princeton, and was licensed to preach the Gospel in the Presbyterian Church. In 1828, on receiving a call to the Church at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, in the Dutch Reformed connection, he transferred his relation to that body. He has occupied several important pastoral charges, and, at the time of his decease, he was co-pastor with Rev. Dr. Van Nest, of the Twenty-First-Street Church, New York. His death, which was in

the fifty-eighth year of his age, will be a felt loss to the American Church.

**DEATH OF EMINENT MINISTERS IN THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.**—The Irish Evangelist says: "The names of several distinguished members of the British Conference have lately been added to the honored roll of the dead. John Stephenson, an indefatigable laborer in the important department of Secretary to the Contingent Fund, in the business of which he frequently wrought in his study fourteen hours a day! and a diligent and faithful minister of Christ. Peter Duncan, a truly-able man, whose loss will be keenly felt. He was for many years a missionary in the West Indies, and we fancy would not have indorsed the statement of Dr. Stevens in the third volume of his 'History of Methodism,' namely—'that our missionaries did not actively engage in the cause of negro emancipation.' Wright Shovelton, a most successful superintendent, and an able preacher. The tributes to his memory that we have seen are very touching and impressive. William B. Thorndoe, with whose impressive ministration of the Word of life hundreds, perhaps thousands, were edified during the recent camp meeting at Portland. To this list we should also add the honored name of James Nichols, Esq., the friend of the late gifted and revered Richard Watson, and editor of the works of James Arminius. He was one of the highest authorities in the kingdom on the Calvinistic controversy, and is said to have written all the articles on that controversy in Watson's Dictionary."

**EXCAVATIONS AT HERCULANEUM.**—In the ruins of Herculaneum the excavations are carried on actively. Toward the latter end of December last two lions were found in that town, half a meter long, and carved in marble. The style was Grecian, of a high order of art. Other interesting objects have been recovered, such as fragments of buried wooden furniture, chairs, boxes, coffers, constructed of bamboo or cane, grindstones, etc.

**SHODDY.**—Shoddy is made of old carpets and blankets, and is frequently mixed with long wool and spun into filling. Noils is a name for the short wool which is combed from the long wool when the latter is employed for making worsted and kerseys.

**PAPER FROM WOOLEN RAGS.**—Woollen rags have at last been reduced to the service of the paper-maker. In England old coats, trowsers, blankets, etc., hitherto fit for little else than manure, are by some secret process bleached and transmuted into a white fibrous pulp, which is freely bought up by the paper-makers at the rate of £25 a tun, and excellent printing paper suitable for newspapers made out of it.

**WESLEYAN SCHOOL ENTERPRISES IN ENGLAND.**—It is cause of gratulation that in addition to the ordinary connectional enterprises, the Wesleyans in England have, within but a few years, taken an educa-

tional stand in the number of their schools second only to the Establishment; and second to none in their efficiency, attested to by the official approval of the Government inspectors. In this respect they can challenge the Church of England itself, for whereas the Church of England has 1,092,822 pupils in 22,236 schools—an average of 49.01—the Wesleyans have 453,702 pupils in 4,311 schools—an average of 105.02.

**GOOD OUT OF EVIL.**—The Mendi Mission in Africa grew out of the return of the negroes of the *Amistad*, who were judged free by the United States, and sent home, accompanied by two missionaries. There are now connected with the mission four stations and one out-station, eleven missionaries, and five native assistants.

**COUNTRY PAPERS PRINTED IN THE CITIES.**—The London system of printing one side of country newspapers in the city and then sending the edition to the respective offices in the country, to have the local news and advertisements added, has been adopted by several papers in Wisconsin, the work being performed in the office of the *State Journal* at Madison.

**NEW MISSION FIELDS.**—The Norwegian Missionary Society has three ordained missionaries among the Zulus, besides several colonists and missionary helpers. The Society is about to obtain a missionary ship for the convenience of its laborers.

**GERMAN IMMIGRANTS.**—A large number of Germans are about to emigrate to this country, and will settle in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. This immigrating party consists principally of wealthy land-owners, and among them are several barons. About twenty thousand acres of land have already been purchased for them in the three States named, and it is expected they will arrive by the middle of July.

**A PROFITABLE PAPER.**—Considerably more than half the gross receipts of the *London Gazette* are profits. In the last financial year the receipts from advertisements and sale of the Gazette were £17,978; the paper and printing cost £4,617; and the management £1,981, leaving a profit for that year of no less than £11,380, which was paid over to the public purse. One gentleman, with a salary of £750, fills the offices of editor, manager, and publisher; and three clerks, an index-maker, and a warehouseman, complete the establishment.

**MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.**—A Parliamentary return, issued by order of the House of Commons, gives the total number of persons who have completed their education at the College of Maynooth from 1845 to 1861 at 875. For the different years included in that period the number varies; for instance, we find in 1848-49 there were 72 persons educated at the College; whereas in 1859-60 there were but 46; and again in 1860-61 the number rose to 58.

**BIBLES IN ITALY.**—During the year 1861 the British and Foreign Bible Society sold in Italy, through their agents and nearly thirty colporteurs, about 30,000 copies of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, many of them at reduced prices. The Edinburgh Bible Society, through its sixteen colporteurs, sold nearly 3,500 copies more.

**SUMATRA.**—The population of the island of Sumatra is estimated at about eight millions, which is more than double that of Borneo. The principal island is surrounded by several groups of smaller islands. The mountains are of volcanic origin; the island abounds in iron, tin, gold, and diamonds. It yields all kinds of tropical fruits—the animal kingdom is largely represented. Herds of elephants, tigers, tapirs, and bears, the rhinoceros, and hosts of apes wander in the forests. Birds of every size and kind fill the air, and fish and crocodiles swarm in the streams.

**THE SEAWEED TRADE ON LONG ISLAND.**—It has often been asserted that the wealth derived from the waters of Long Island far exceeds the amount obtained from the land itself. Its fish, clams, scallops, and whales, etc., out-tower the hill products of the acres lying between Brooklyn and Montauk. Down the coast a new trade has entered the lists upon the water side, which promises well. We refer to the sale of seaweed. The value of this article for agricultural purposes has long been known, but probably few dream of the uses to which "progress" and Yankee ingenuity has put it of late years. Quite an extensive business is carried on from Long Island in the seaweed line, and vessels often leave the wharves freighted with this article of merchandise, down the Island for New York, where it is readily sold to upholsterers and others, bringing a higher market price than a like quantity of the very best hay.

On the Island shore where this seaweed is gathered houses are erected. Here the seaweed is spread out and dried, and then pressed and baled the same as hay. In this condition it is shipped to the metropolis, where it is at once converted into hair mattresses, used for sofas, chairs, etc. The best articles of this kind are stuffed with the seaweed, hair sufficient being used to conceal the former and avoid detection.

Sloops are now constantly *en route* with cargoes of the veritable "weed"—the regular Long Island country hog-pen bedding—for the *ton* to sleep and lounge upon! This branch of business is now carried on extensively, and profits accruing therefrom are of no inconsiderable amount to the various persons engaged therein.

**THE TERRITORY OF LANNIWA.**—The bill introduced into the Senate by Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, to create a new Territory for the roving Indian tribes, is entirely novel in its character, and it excites much attention. He proposes to call the Territory Lanniwa—the Shawnee for Indian. It lies between Kansas and Texas—the Arkansas and Missouri boundaries forming its eastern line, and its western boundary the 26th meridian of west longitude down to the parallel of 36° 30', and then east to the twenty-third meridian, thence south to the Red River, and by its course to the Arkansas line. Mr. Pomeroy proposes to allow the Indians in this Territory all the privileges of white men in any other Territory—the right of self-government, at least to the extent of a local legislature. The President will appoint the governor of the Territory with the power of veto. If the wandering and scattered Indian tribes can be gathered in this way, the Government will save \$175,000 annually, which is now paid to Indian agents.

## Library Notices.

(1.) **LAST POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.** *With a Memorial by Theodore Tilton.* New York: James Miller. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—We have lately given in our columns a sketch of the life of Mrs. Browning, together with a somewhat careful estimate of her poetic contributions. The matter is fresh in the minds of our readers. We need not, therefore, now go over the ground again. But we—with thousands of our readers who heartily appreciate the genius of the muse so lately departed—welcome these "last lays." Some of them are entitled to rank among the best of her productions, and all of them have a sacred charm. The Memorial by Mr. Tilton is delicately appreciative, and in the main the estimate of her character and genius is just. The writer skillfully draws a veil over her great life-sorrow, yet leaving just enough of it exposed to our view to awaken sympathy. He also sketches with equal fidelity her early literary failures and her subsequent almost unparalleled success. In characterizing the several prominent poems of Mrs. Browning the memorialist is very felicitous. The general reader will be much aided to a thorough appreciation of the author by first reading the memorial. Yet we must except to the statement that "as a religious poet Mrs. Browning is more devout than George Herbert, and more fervid than Charles Wesley," as being somewhat extravagant. So also is the idea that "Hannah More's Private Devotions are not so devotional." The work is elegantly published in "blue and gold," and is uniform with the three volumes before published. The entire set—four volumes—is sold for \$3.

(2.) **SAGACITY OF ANIMALS—A CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOK.** 16mo. 276 pp. 75 cents. *Illustrated with sixty engravings.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The stories and illustrations are alike attractive. It is a charming book for boys and girls.

(3.) **UNCLE JABEZ; or, the Story of a Man whose Boyhood was Spent in the School of Adversity.** Carlton & Porter, for the Sunday School Union.

(4.) **JENNEY, THE CROCHET-WORKER; or, the Path of Truth.** By the late Sarah M. Fry.—Published as above.

(5.) **MY BROTHER BEN—**a story for boys. Published as above.

(6.) **SARAH'S HOME—**the story of a poor girl whose father was a drunkard, and whose mother was unkind. Published as above.

(7.) **ELY'S JOURNAL IN RICHMOND.** Edited by Charles Lanman. 12mo. 360 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Riekey & Carroll.—This is a simple narration of the daily incidents of prison life in Richmond. Amid the brutes and brutality of rebellion Mr. Ely found here and there one whose humanity had not entirely forsaken him, and whose love

of the old flag, though concealed, was evidently not extinct. The means employed to kill time in prison, the literary association and its exercises and diversions, the privations suffered, the sympathy and care for the sick and dying, the diversities of character among the prisoners, the daily incidents of prison life, and finally the release, are among the things that enliven these pages. The frequent allusions to home and the loved ones there, show Mr. Ely to be a man of heart. He does not, in any respect, attempt to shield himself from blame for the curiosity which led him to the fatal battle-field of Bull Run; nor does he attempt to soften any of the more ludicrous scenes in which he is made to share a part. Yet the reader can not fail to be on good terms with the imprisoned Congressman. The book will repay perusal.

(8.) **BENGEL'S GNOMON OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.** Vol. II. 8vo. 980 pp. *A New Translation.* By Charlton T. Lewis, A. M., and Marvin R. Vincent, A. M., Professors in the Troy University. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins. New York: Sheldon & Co.—When the first volume of this work appeared we gave it a careful examination and a notice of explicit and strong commendation. We see no reason to abate that notice on the appearance of the second volume. Some of Bengel's interpretations have been superseded by the results of later investigations, prosecuted under more favorable auspices. Time has demonstrated some of his chronological data to be inaccurate. But after all the Bible student will find pith and point, marrow and fatness in the brief annotations of the author. The Christian minister will find it a valuable acquisition to his library. Volume I included the Gospels and the Acts, Volume II comprises the Epistles and the Apocalypse. Though time has proved the author's interpretation of the Apocalypse erroneous, yet the study of that interpretation will not be without its interest to the Bible student.

The work may be ordered through either the Eastern or Western Book Concerns.

(9.) **THE CITY OF SAINTS; or, Across the Rocky Mountains to California.** By Richard F. Burton, Author of the "Lake Regions of Central Africa," etc. *With Illustrations.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. 574 pp. Price, \$3. For sale by R. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.—Having found time for only the most cursory glance at this large volume, we avail ourselves of the notice of one of our city journals: "This is much the fullest, and, in some respects, the most interesting work on the Salt Lake region and the customs, manners, and religion of the so called 'Latter-Day Saints' which we have seen. Some of the author's descriptions of things in Salt Lake City are rich—some perhaps to be received with caution and compared with other sources of information. The descriptive geography of the work is valuable and extensive, and is improved by good illustrations. The author tells us, in speaking of the affairs of the city and the character of its people, that

he has recorded the opinions of others, not his own, and that he has been dealing with facts and not with theories. In his judgment of the morals of the people, he has been guided perhaps by the saying of the people themselves, when he declares them, in point of mere morality, purer perhaps than any other community of equal numbers. This is in the face of all former testimony. Our readers in Illinois and Iowa will conclude that if the morality of the 'Saints' is pure, there has been a wondrous reformation since they lived neighbor to them. Still he renounces all sympathy with their 'materialistic vagaries.'

"There are things in this volume which will instruct, some which amuse, and some which will gratify curiosity."

(10.) CONSIDERATIONS ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT. By John Stuart Mill. 12mo. 365 pp. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—It does one good to get hold, now and then, of so fine a specimen of logical reasoning as that contained in this volume. To the statesman and politician it will prove a work of rare value. The general scholar, and, indeed, every intelligent citizen may study it to great profit. The essential elements of a good government are set forth with great clearness, as well as the difficulties of its attainment. The author strikes at the root of the matter when he assumes that the first and paramount element of good government is the virtue and intelligence of the human beings over which it is exercised, and, therefore, the most important point of excellence which any form of government can possess is to promote the virtue and intelligence of the people themselves. Back of the machinery of the government lies the power that moves that machinery. A system of government being given, the goodness of its administration is in the compound ratio of the worth of the men filling its offices, and the worth of the public opinion which influences or controls them. These fundamental ideas are elaborated and illustrated, and their relations to the different grades of social and intellectual characters shown with great clearness and force. The conclusion reached by the author from these premises is, that IDEALLY the best form of government is representative government. If this is not always realized practically, it is because of the unfitness or incapacity of the human subjects governed. He is not blind, however, to the weaknesses and perils of such a government, nor does he hesitate to point them out. The last three topics discussed by him are: Of Nationality as Connected with Representative Government; of Federal Representative Government; of the Government of Dependencies on a Free State. These topics are of special interest to the American citizen just now. In the chapter on the Extension of Suffrage, Mr. Mill argues that women should have the right of voting. On the mode of voting, he maintains that public—that is, *viva voce*—voting is preferable to secret voting—that is, the ballot. Even on these extreme positions Mr. Mill argues with a calmness, candor, and ability that will very far conciliate if it does not convince the reader.

We have not space for the extended review we would like to make of this book. It is worthy of a place in our academies and colleges as a text-book upon the science of government.

(11.) THE LAST OF THE MORTIMERS. *A Story in Two Voices.* By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The House on the Moor," "The Days of my Life," "The Laird of Nordlaw," etc. Published and for sale as above. Price, \$1.

(12.) THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—*Contents for April:* Dorset; Hymnology; State and Prospects of Turkey; Training of the Clergy; Life of Turner; The Eastern Archipelago; Stanhope's Life of Pitt; The Merrimac and the Monitor.

(13.) THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—*Contents for April:* The Mythology of the Polynesian; Endowed Schools; German Life During the Last Two Centuries; Mrs. Delany; Cæsar's Campaigns in Gaul; The Life of J. M. W. Turner; The Fathers of Greek Philosophy; Portraits of my Acquaintances; France and Napoleon III; Lord Stanley; Cotemporary Literature.

(14.) BLACKWOOD, for May, contains A Visit to Rugby; Sensation Novels; Cætoniana, Part IV; On the Management of Money, Part VI; The Renewal of Life; Chronicles Carlingford, Part IV; The First Guid Day; The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; President Andrew Jackson.

Republished by L. Scott, New York, and for sale by G. N. Lewis, 28 West Sixth-street, Cincinnati. Price of Blackwood and the "four Reviews," \$10. Blackwood alone, \$3.

(15.) A LIFE'S SECRET. By Mrs. H. Wood, Author of *Earl's Heirs*, etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Cincinnati: G. N. Lewis, 28 West Sixth-street.

(16.) THE STRUGGLES OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, BY ONE OF THE FIRM. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

(17.) GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF MICHIGAN. *First Biennial Report of its Progress, Embracing Observations on the Geology, Zoology, and Botany of the Lower Peninsula.* By Prof. A. Winchell, State Geologist. 8vo. 339 pp. Lansing: Hosmer & Kerr, Printers to the State.

(18.) OUR FLAG, by T. H. Underwood, is a poem in four cantos. Published by Carleton, New York. It contains some dark pictures of slavery—none too dark, however. Our readers will recollect Mr. Underwood as the author of that charming poem—"Hazel Valley"—which first appeared in the Repository, and has since been repeatedly reproduced and as often admired. "Our Flag" contains several passages that will remind the reader of that poem.

(19.) THE METHODIST MAGAZINE OF CANADA has reached No. 6. It is edited by Revs. James Spencer and James Hughes, and published by Anson Green, at the Wesleyan Book Establishment, Toronto. Price, \$1 per annum.

(20.) SKETCHES OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND DECLINE OF SECESSION; with a Narrative of Personal Adventures among the Rebels. By W. G. Brownlow. 12mo. 458 pp. \$1.25. Philadelphia: G. W. Childs. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.—A book of thrilling interest. Mr. Childs has brought it out in excellent style. The reader can form some idea of it from our sketch of Brownlow in this number.

## Hillier's Exile.

SPRIT OF '76.—Just stepping in at the door is a neighbor. A musket is upon his shoulder, a trusty sword hangs by his side; his eye flashes with the fire of a strange inspiration. His step is quick and heavy. The man is in earnest. We almost hear him say "hurry" to his more tardy but not less resolute friend. But all this does not disturb the group within. Thoughts too mighty, feelings too big to be easily diverted absorb them. The venerable father examines the trusty "flint-lock" to see that it is "all right." The aged mother, with Spartan fire glowing in her eye, burning on her lips, places the instrument of death in the hands of her idol son and bids him "go." The young wife, surrounded by her little ones, looks a welcome to the neighbor, for now she feels that her husband will have a trusty friend at his side. The spirit is evidently infectious. The half-grown girl assists with cheerful fingers in girding on the trappings of war, and the little boy "smells gunpowder," as he pours it from the old-fashioned powder-horn. What does it all symbolize? we were just about to inquire, when the eye fell upon the head-lines of the newspaper,

JULY 4, 1776.

That tells the story. Nearly a century has passed away, yet the present is in wonderful harmony with the past. The same sacrifices are now made by fathers, mothers, wives, and children, to sustain the Republic, which were then made to establish it. The very atmosphere is electric with the same spirit among the great mass of the people, of self-sacrifice for the public weal. The picture of the former time, which we here produce, is also a picture of to-day. Its lessons are in every respect appropriate to the hour.

THE REVIVAL OF PATRIOTISM.—The decay of public morals has been a source of anxiety to our purest-minded statesmen for many years. The late and eminent Judge M'Lean mourned over it in all his later years, and carried it with him as a burden of sorrow down to the grave. On this ground, and on this alone, he really despaired of the Republic. Where public virtue fails, no soil is left in which patriotism can take root.

While the thunder-storm convulses the elements, frightens the timid, and, here and there, shivers and blasts a tree of the forest, or sends death, sudden and terrible, to the hapless victims of its fury, it also purifies the atmosphere, disperses the noxious vapors, and brings life and health to untold thousands. In this respect the thunder-storm of war, though it has blasted some fair portions of our land and carried desolation to many homes, is not without its compensating uses. A more earnest patriotism, a truer and heartier love of country is evoked among the masses of the people. The same spirit will reach up to those filling the highest offices in the nation. The swagger of arrogant disloyalty will no longer find tolerance. Fealty—not to the South, but to the nation—will be demanded. The tide is turned. The sentiment of the nation is under-

going a change. The heaven is working. It may be hard to reach and to renovate portions of the lump, but the whole shall yet be leavened. Nothing is more certain than this.

The boys of this generation have caught the spirit, and among the men of the coming generation it will be a living and powerful element. This war will save the nation.

GUERRILLA WAR AND WHAT WILL COME FROM IT.—The word guerrilla is of Spanish origin, and signifies a "little war." It was the system of warfare waged so relentlessly by the savages in our earlier history. It is adapted to a half-civilized race, thirsting for blood and rapine, and without resources or skill to mass armies or discipline to control them. It is essentially barbaric, and none but those barbarized by malign influences will engage in it.

It now seems to be the purpose of the leaders of the Southern rebellion, defeated and scattered as their great armies have been, to wage a war of this kind. It is well, then, to inquire what may be expected from such a war? and what light may we glean from history as to its national results?

It is certain that no great national good has ever been accomplished by such a war. When employed by the Spaniards in the Peninsular war it did not avail them, and deliverance was effected only by the massed legions of Great Britain. The "border wars" between England and Scotland only desolated the border country and raised up a legion of genuine "border ruffians," while they never even approached the settlement of any great national question. During the Revolution guerrilla wars were waged in different parts of the country. In Westchester county and the counties lying north, in New York, it was waged in its most relentless forms. For a long time after the war the citizens used to relate, with horror, the dark and bloody scenes of that period. It was the work of Tories and robbers, and only desolated without subduing the country. It was more recently employed by Schamyl in Circassia against Russia. But the same results were produced when employed for the defense as when employed for the subjugation of a country. That great chief, Schamyl, subsequently acknowledged that it was prolific of evil only, and regretted that he had ever employed it. Upon an external foe it may inflict injury by temporary raids, but nothing more.

It lacks the breadth of plan and the strength of combination necessary to encompass great results. The guerrillas themselves degenerate in the end into mere robbers, and prey alike upon friend and foe. The very foundations of society are shaken; confidence in society and in government is destroyed; the arts of industry fail; the people become demoralized; their resources are wasted, and the country is ruined.

The South threatens such a war. It will be preying upon its own vitals, and afford another illustration of the wisdom of the old heathen maxim that *whom the gods would destroy they first make mad*.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—*Prose.* Sunshine; Intemperance; Sunset; Life; Memories; Little Children—anonymous; A Dream; Midnight Musings; A Fragment; Athens and Mars' Hill; Poets of the Bible; Where is Beauty?

*Poetry.* Not Here—published before; The Rich Man and Lazarus; Moonlight Hour; To my Brother; Charlotte Brontë; Only Two; On the Death of a Brother; Professor Espy; Twilight; Friendship; Weep not for Thy Little Ones; The Heart Knoweth its Own Bitterness; Baby is Dying; The Face in the Glass; The First Snow of Winter; My Mother's Grave; A Village Girl's Unrest—right pretty, but scarcely up to our standard; The Chipping Bird; Hope Deferred; My Wife; The Death of a Soldier; May God be Praised; The By and By; Make Me Meek; Up the Sky; The Bundle of Sheaves; I Wait for Thee.

**PROFESSOR WINCHELL.**—This eminent scholar and well-known naturalist commences a series of articles in his favorite department of science in this number. They will convey information of sterling value in a most attractive style. Not one of the series should be overlooked by our readers.

**THE IRISH EVANGELIST** sends a circular addressed "to our friends in America." It is publishing a series of articles, vindicating our Government in this war, and exposing the treachery and fraud of the rebels. We are glad to see one Wesleyan organ across the ocean expressing unmistakable sympathy with our national cause. We take pleasure in commending this enterprise of Irish, Methodism to all our friends. The agent of the paper in this country is John McKillop, Esq., of New York city. In their circular the publishers say:

*Dear Friends,*—We feel truly grateful for your kind patronage in the past. Nevertheless, we are confident that, with a slight effort, you could more than treble our present circulation throughout your Churches. Ours is the only paper in Ireland having a distinctly Methodist character. It is also almost alone in its defense of the Government of the United States—based upon its hatred to slavery. To those who may not be connected with the Methodist Church, but may desire to have an epitome of the religious news of each month—embracing intelligence from all parts of the world—the paper, we trust, would be found generally acceptable. The profits will be devoted to the home missionary work in Ireland—an object which, surely, commends itself to every Christian.

**TWO LEAD-PENCILS.**—A large manufacturer has sent us two lead-pencils. One of them was in order, the other was out. Such liberality requires a brilliant notice, and here it is.

**MORTON'S GOLD PENS.**—Long ago we eschewed and utterly desisted from the use of the gold pen. We could not find one that would "work well." The vexations of the steel pen we could get along with; for when they became too troublesome all we had to do was to throw one aside and take another. Accustomed to the "cold steel," we had entirely sunk all ambition to rise again to the dignity of "a gold pen." The agent of "Morton's gold pen" insisted that we had only to try that and we would be ever after satisfied. Besides that, it was advertised in the Western Christian Advocate, North-Western, etc., and kept on sale by the Agents. We looked, and lo, there were the advertise-

ments. The result of all was, we concluded to accept of a fine gold pen, and are now so well satisfied with its working that we can recommend it with great confidence to our readers. Morton's gold pen is certainly the best of any thing in this line we have ever used.

**INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.**—The first of the following incidents is from an interesting letter of Rev. W. H. Gilder, Chaplain of the Fortieth Regiment N. Y. V., to The Methodist. His regiment participated in the battle of Williamsburg. The morning after the battle he visited the field. The second is from a newspaper correspondent of the press at Fortress Monroe. Each of them has its lesson:

*The Slain upon the Battle-field—The Beautiful Young Man.*

The next morning I started off, though not without a shudder, in view of what I expected to witness on the battle-field, to look up the wounded of our own regiment who had not been already brought off. Our men had fought in a spot incumbered by fallen trees, and it was necessary to clamber over them to get at the dead and wounded. Most of the latter had been already removed, but the former lay everywhere, friend and foe often within a few feet of each other. Some had been killed at once, others had evidently lingered for hours before death came to their relief. I will not describe the individual cases, as I prefer to forget as much as possible the details of the scene. There was one case, however, that affected me so deeply I shall never be able to wipe out the strong impression it made upon my memory. It was that of a young man apparently about nineteen years of age. His complexion was unusually fair for a soldier's, and it was surmounted by flowing locks of dark brown hair. Even in death he was beautiful, and there was an expression of innocence and intelligence in his countenance that, under the strange and exciting circumstances by which I was surrounded, fairly startled me. He was wounded in the breast. He had crawled toward a log, and was leaning against it. His left elbow was upon the top of the log, and his head rested upon his arm. His right hand was pressed upon his wound, yet there was no appearance of suffering in the lines of his countenance. The expression was that of one who had sunk into a quiet slumber, and it was difficult for me to realize that the vital spark had fled. The unmistakably gray uniform marked him as a "rebel soldier," while the scrupulous neatness of his dress and the delicate whiteness of his complexion showed evidently that he was of the better class of society. For very evident reasons I did not search him to ascertain his name and residence. There was a small Testament by his side, which he had perhaps been trying to read in the dim light of the morning, and I took possession of it, supposing it might contain some clue to the history of the owner. There was a sort of fascination in the presence of this youth, which made it difficult for me to tear myself away. However, looking around to see that I was alone, I knelt down at his side, pressed my hand upon his fine, open forehead, still warm, and dropping a tear of sympathy with some bereaved friend, perhaps a widowed mother or only sister, far away in the "sunny South," hastened on to complete my errand of mercy. O war! war! how dreadful is thy work! How terrible the sin of those who have brought this fearful calamity upon a land so lately the abode of peace and plenty, and domestic happiness!

*Wounded Combatants Side by Side Conversing.*—Colonel Bratton, of South Carolina, was brought down on the Vanderbilt to Fortress Monroe, a wounded prisoner. During the trip down he saw a wounded South Carolinian and a Massachusetts boy suffering side by side engaged in an animated conversation. "My God!" exclaimed the rebel Colonel, bursting into tears as he witnessed the scene, "do you call this war? But a few hours ago," continued he, "these two brave lads were engaged in mortal conflict together, and now they are the best of friends." Such scenes are not uncommon—the rebels being always surprised to observe that their wounded are so well taken care of.





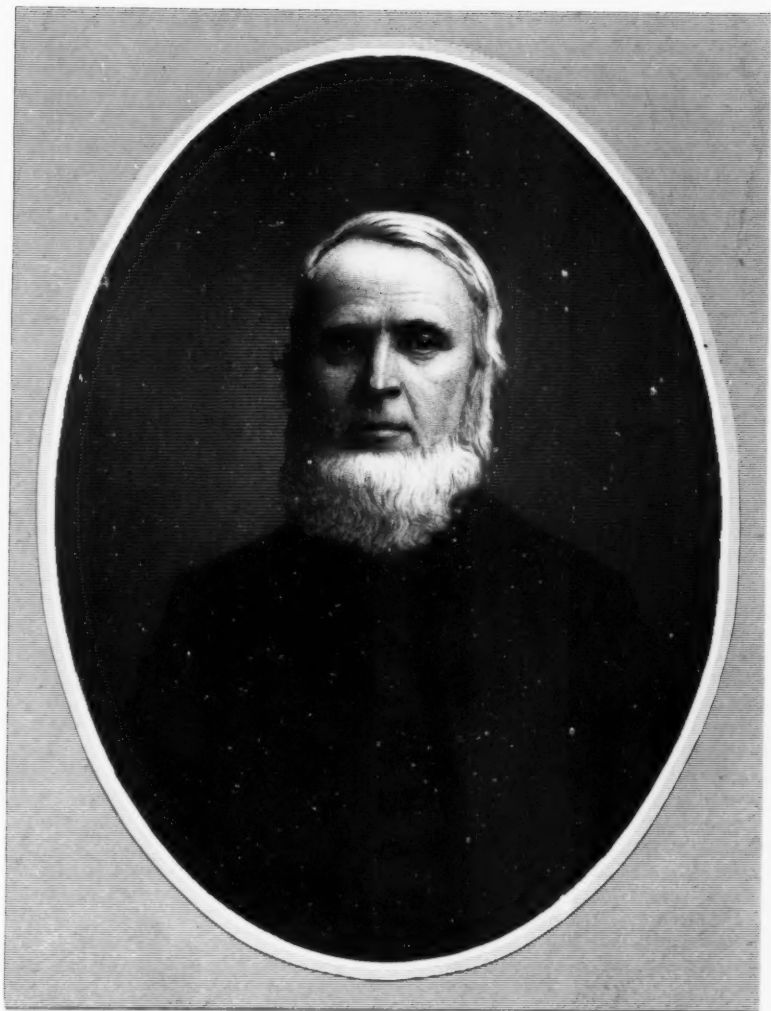
A. B. DURAND

N. LINDSEY

# HAPPY VALLEY.







Photograph by J. P. Ball.

Engraved by J. C. Butler.

REV. J. F. WRIGHT.

1ST REG'T VOLUNTEERS